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CROSBY, STILLS, NASH
THE MYTH & THE MYSTERY

GOING HOME
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ANDY PRATT
ALL HE WANTS IS YOU

CAROLE BAYER SAGER
WHO'S SINGING?

WORDS TO THE LATEST HIT SONGS!

AEROSMITH
DRAW THE LINE

TYLER/PERRY INTERVIEWS WITH LISA ROBINSON

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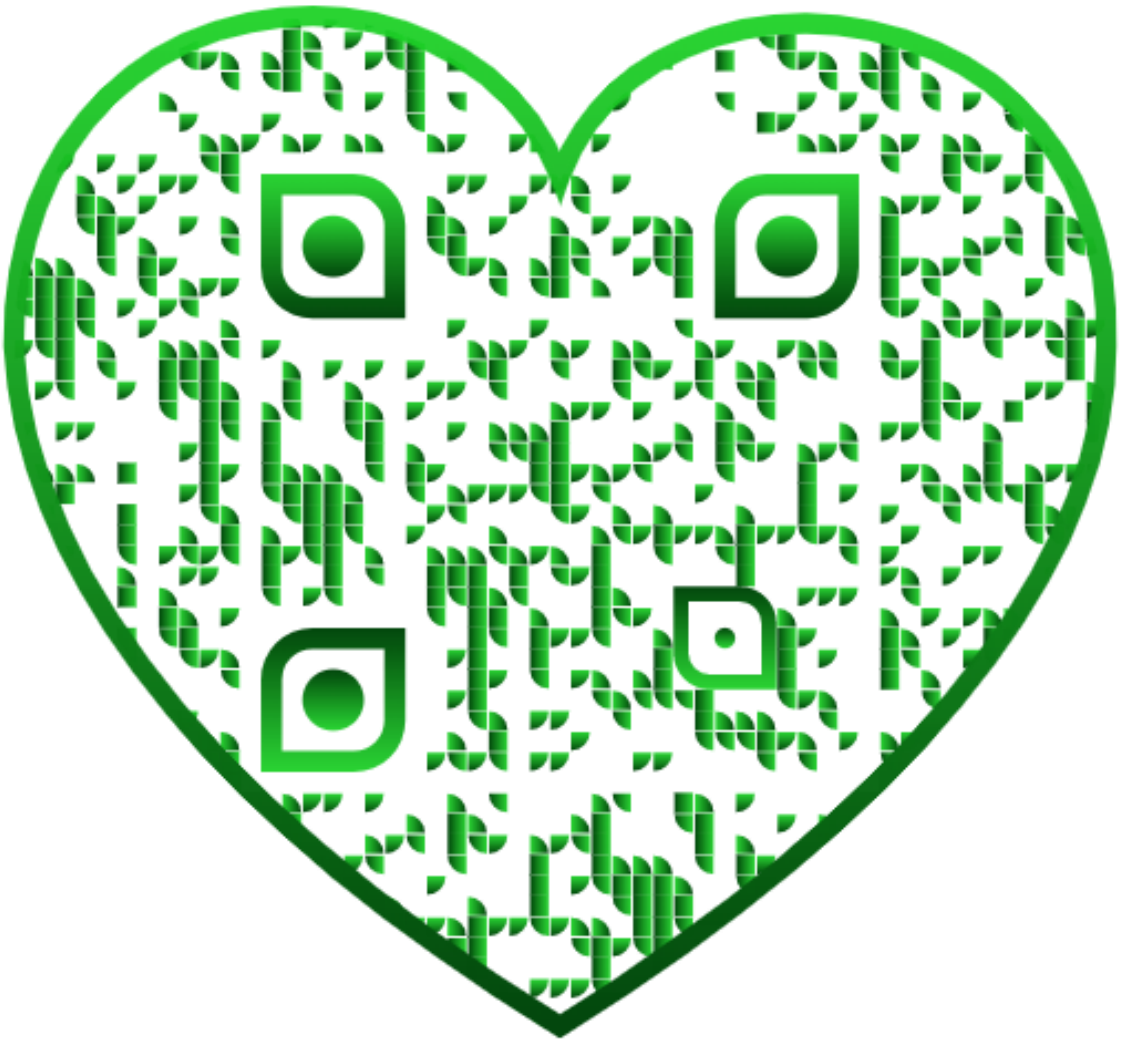

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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

Rob Stoner (who played bass in Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue) has his own group. With Billy Cross on guitar and Jasper Hutchinson on vocals, they're called Topaz and have just finished an LP with producer Don Devito in New York's Record Plant.

Topaz.

Bryan Ferry is currently living in Los Angeles, writing the songs for his next album. "I've already got some tracks done from the last time I was in the studio," he said. "Now I want to complete them in America."

"I don't know what musicians I'll use, it's all up in the air. I'm intrigued by the possibility of using American musicians. "But," he smiled, "I don't know any, so I'll have to look around for introductions."

Bryan Ferry & Jerry Hall enjoy the Los Angeles good life.

What can you give the man who has everything? For Mick Jagger's birthday, friends sent him dozens of boxes of chocolates. He said he only liked the ones with the soft centers.

He only liked the ones with the soft centers.

Johnny Rotten to star in Russ Meyer flick?

While manager Malcolm McLaren was secluded in the Hollywood hills with film director Russ Meyer (writing that movie about the Sex Pistols) the Pistols toured Sweden. Their newest single, "Vacant," entered the British charts at No. 44 and quickly went to No. 7.

The Pistols album was released in England on Virgin Records in September and will be here as soon as a U.S. recording deal is negotiated.

Preston/Kent

The Beach Boys gave a gala performance.

The Beach Boys, James Taylor, Boz Scaggs, Patti Labelle, Heart, Teddy Pendergrass and Crawler were among the performers.

The audience included Mick Jagger, Neil Diamond, Art Garfunkel, Ringo Starr, Stephen Stills, Eric Idle, Jeff Beck, Ron Wood, Janis Ian and Ray Davis.

Columbia Records' annual convention was held in London last week. Over 1,300 employees of the company many in this industry consider to be the most professional and successful record operation got very little sleep.

Although there was a gala dinner show each night in the hotel's Great Room, much of the real action took place all day long in marketing meetings (run by super - efficient Convention Chairman Jack Craigo) and product presentations.

And...

In the lobby of the hotel during tea time where an historical and accidental meeting occurred between former Beatles' U.S. representative and Nemporer Records' chief Nat Weiss, Beatles' Neil Aspinall, and Clive Epstein, brother of the late Brian Epstein; and the bars (where James Taylor wandered into an informal A & R meeting).

Albums previewed for the fall included new ones from Aerosmith, Blue Oyster Cult, Neil Diamond, Art Garfunkel, Boz Scaggs, Boston, Bruce Springsteen, Earth, Wind & Fire, and Kansas, along with newly signed CBS artists like Karla Bonoff, Crawler, Lone Star, Patti Labelle, Nona Hendryx and Billy Cobham.

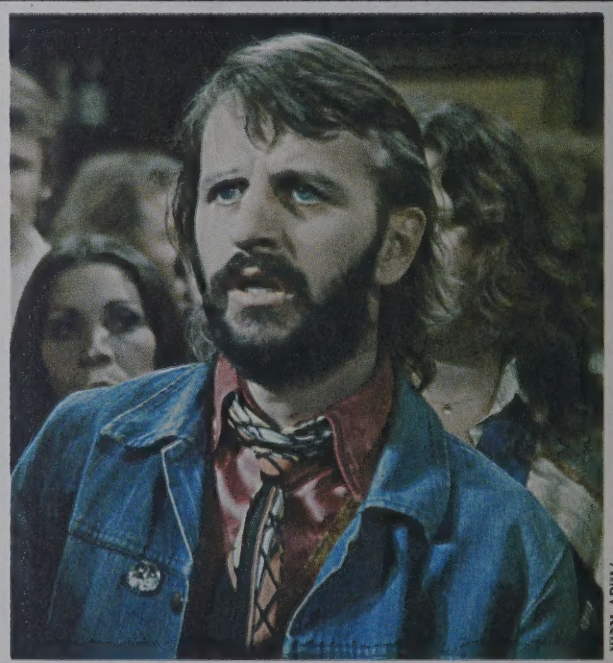
Tragedy struck the family of Led Zeppelin's Robert Plant when his five year old son, Karac, died of a mysterious stomach virus in late July, 1977.

Robert, who was performing with Zep when he found out, immediately flew home to join his wife Maureen, and their daughter Carmen. Accompanying Plant were Zep tour manager Richard Cole and drummer John Bonham.

It was thought at first that the few large, outdoor dates that were cancelled would be re-scheduled, and Zep would finish off their shows in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia in August. But all dates were cancelled, Robert and his family were in seclusion, and the rest of Led Zeppelin returned home to England.

Hit Parader's staff and readers express deepest condolences to Robert, Maureen and Carmen Plant.

Neal Preston



Andy Kent

"I wanted to do it like a circus..."

In London, Ringo said that his new album will be out soon, but that his earlier plans to tour might have to be scratched. "I wanted to do it like a circus," he said, "but it was turning into too much of a circus. It just seems impossible to put it together, so I probably won't do it for awhile." Ringo also said that while he doesn't like New York much, he loved recording there with producer Arif Mardin. "We got great stuff," he enthused.

ANOTHER SIDE OF ANDY PRATT. It all started with the now classic "Avenging Annie" and continued with the highly acclaimed "Resolution" album. There was no doubt about it. Andy Pratt was established as a prominent singer/songwriter whose lyrical sensitivity and innovative musicianship made him the critic's choice, a cult hero in his own right.

And now, there's "Shiver in the Night," an album as sophisticated and sensitive as it is accessible and fun. Because "Shiver in the Night" is songs of feeling, songs of love, and songs that just make you want to get up and dance. And *that's* another side of Andy Pratt.

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Produced by Arif Mardin

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WE READ YOUR MAIL

Aerosmith

Dear Hit Parader,
Is it true that Steven Tyler was transformed into a young boy by hormones because Aerosmith would not let him in the group because HE was too old? This is a RUMOR in our neighborhood. Is this true - yes or no.

Carol Bigelow
South Hadley, Mass.

Dear Carol — No. (Ed.)

Kiss

Dear Hit Parader,
I really hate to do this but I have to tell somebody. Now don't get me wrong — KISS is my favorite group and always will be, but this time they blew it! I mean by their new album, *Love Gun*. With songs like "Christine Sixteen" and "Then She Kissed Me" they sound more like the Bay City Rollers. Heck, those background voices really blow it. The only thing keeping the album out of the dirt is the Frehley (SHORT BUT FEW) leads. All I can say is I expected something better from the number one group — KISS!

KISSLY,
Doug Carpenter
Lake Worth, Florida

Dear Hit Parader,
In your Sept. '77 issue I read the "We Read Your Mail" section and got very mad. A boy named Greg Dexter wrote in and talked about how great Fleetwood Mac is and really put down KISS. He shows a lack of taste and if he had ever seen them in concert I think he might change his mind because they are the best. But what really got me mad was that he signed the letter "Kiss Hater." I am one of KISS' most loyal fans and I don't like to read stuff like that about "the GREATEST group in the world."
I really love them and I think they will be around for a long time. And I would like to tell Greg that they don't spit and blow things *all over* the stage. Gene Simmons spits and drips a little blood, but not *all over* the stage. And he also blows fire once or twice during the concert. Greg, you probably think that KISS is just a bunch of idiots with make-up on their faces running around the stage, but they're not.

KISS lover
Susie Micklus
Flourtown, Pennsylvania

Dear Hit Parader,
I'm writing this letter to give praise to one of your writers, Legs McNeil. I read "Goin' Fishing With Alice" and "Dinner With The Ramones" and thought both were great. Your magazine is the only music magazine with fantasies in them. I only wish that the next time Legs need money, Lisa Robinson will assign him to write a fantasy about Kiss.
Keep writin' Legs, you're great.

Yours truly,
Denise Pivaro
Forest Hills, New

P.S. Greg Dexter (Kiss Hater) can have Stevie Nicks if I can have Paul Stanley.

Legs McNeil: *"I think the Kiss Comic said it all."*

Skynyrd

Dear Hit Parader,
Recently I've become a fan of Lynyrd Skynyrd's. I was looking at the photograph they gave you on the inside of their album *One More From The Road*. They have eight of the main guys in the pictures but there are only seven guys in Skynyrd. Could you please tell me who are the guys in Lynyrd Skynyrd and who plays what instrument. Actually I only know who the lead singer is and the drummer. I went to the Frampton-Skynyrd concert but I really didn't see too well. I think they're really great. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Sally Mingle
Warminster, Pa.

Dear Sally,
The members are: Ronnie Van Zant (lead vocals), Allen Collins (guitar, vocals), Steve Gaines (guitar, vocals), Gary Rossington (guitar, vocals) Leon Wilkeson (bass, vocals), Billy Powell (keyboards), and Artimus Pyle (drums).

Led Zep

Dear Hit Parader,
Is it true that John Paul Jones and John Bonham are not with Led Zeppelin anymore?

Steve Gaal
South Charleston, West Virginia

Dear Steve — No ... They're still in the group. (Ed.)

To James Spina,
Referring back to the Sept. issue of Spinaddict where you reviewed the "Jeff Beck with Jan Hammer Group Live." You closed, daring anyone to name a guitar player as good or better than "ole Beckie."
I accept your challenge. Jimmy Page.

A true friend of Led Zeppelin's
from Leslie, Michigan

James Spina: *"I agree."* □

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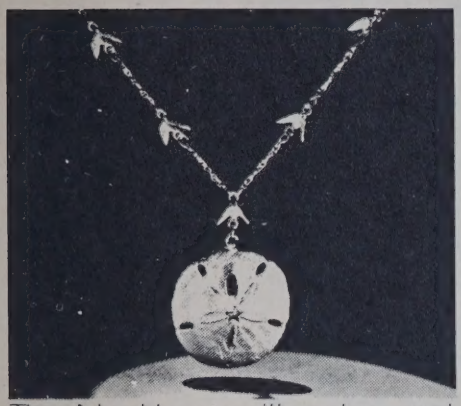

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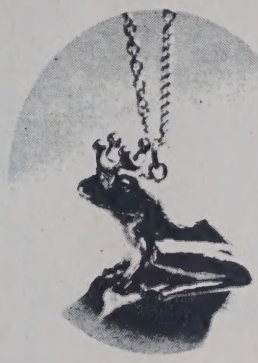

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"When Peter Allen heard I was doing an album he asked, 'who's singing?' "

CAROLE BAYER SAGER

Who's Singing?

"When Peter Allen heard I was doing an album, he asked me, 'Who's singing?' Bette Midler offered to take my advance and sing it for me."

So says lyricist Carole Bayer Sager, who has written songs with Melissa Manchester, Peter Allen, Barry Goldberg, Marvin Hamlisch, Albert Hammond, and now, on her debut Elektra Records' LP, sings for the first time.

Why did she decide to do it?

"Producer Richard Perry was the first one to encourage me to sing," she says. "He said he didn't know anyone who had written with as many fine composers as I have, and I should pick out some songs I like the most and do my own album.

"I told him I didn't think I could sing, but he said I had a right to sing. Joe Smith (president of Elektra) signed me without even hearing a demo, and once I got over the flattery of that terror set in.

"It was 10 months before I went into the studio, I was so petrified. I think if a Bowery bum had come up to me and asked me to write a song for him I would have, just to avoid going into the studio."

Carole wrote songs all through high school, and in the 1960s she worked with Don Kirshner's "stable" of songwriters, people like Carole King and Gerry Goffin. "I was low woman on the totem pole, but the very first thing I wrote, 'Groovy Kind of Love,' was a hit. Then I wrote with Neil Sedaka during his 'hungry years.' When a Broadway show ("Georgy") I did lyrics for closed, I thought I was singularly untalented.

"And I noticed then that the whole business had changed. Artists wrote for themselves; there were very few open to outside material. When I recovered from that discovery, I made a U-turn and started writing with people I admired as performers, like Peter Allen and Melissa Manchester."

Carole didn't sing when she collaborated: "Oh, I sang in the bathroom, but they all told me not to sing while we wrote. They would really say, 'Don't sing, you're throwing me off.' That's not the most encouraging thing to hear knowing you have to go into a studio.

"The thing I was concerned with," she says now, "is that I didn't want to end up competing with people I had collaborated with, the people I considered the performers.

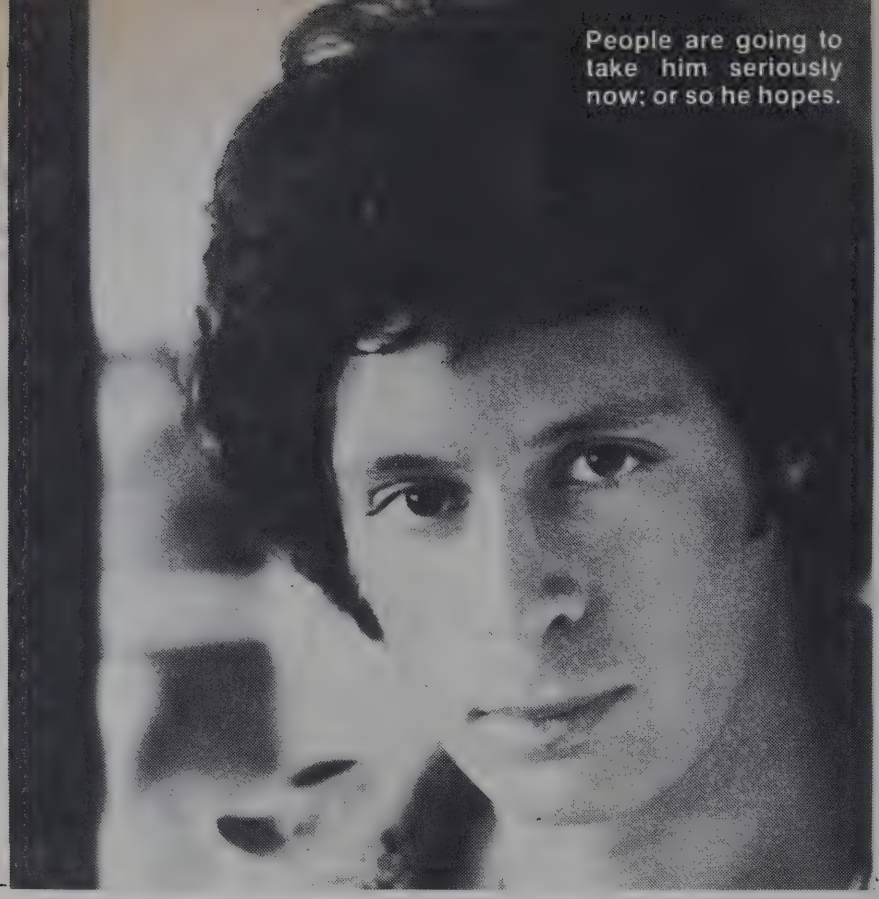
"When I say 'singer,' I think of Streisand, Bette, Melissa ... so I cannot say I think I'm a singer. What I tried to do was get some kind of honest interpretation out there, which I do feel okay about." (She's modest; on this LP her voice is breathy, bluesy and tinged with a sexy vulnerability. It is an impressive debut.)

As for performing, Carole hadn't planned to, but has recently done a few showcase dates around the country. "I ended up making an album that cost a lot more than it was supposed to," she explained. "Elektra called me in and said they could do a lot more to sell it if I went out there and showed my face. I'm pretty scared about performing, but I also look forward to it, it's so unknown. It's a new area for me, and I would like to think that I have as much right to explore it as anyone, that there's room for everybody.

"I've written songs about taking chances, and I didn't really take them much in life. I like it; it feels more alive to me."

Does she want to write music? "Once I wrote music," she laughs, "and I discovered I had stolen a Paul Simon tune." □L. Robinson

Bette offered to sing it for me...


People are going to take him seriously now; or so he hopes.

An Update On ERIC CARMEN

by Jim Girard

The story of Eric Carmen must begin with a few words from some lyrics he wrote while still leading The Raspberries. They're culled from "Overnight Sensation (Hit Record)," a song Eric wrote in the desperation of recording what was to be the group's final album (ironically with two new members).

"Well, I know it sounds funny
But I'm not in it for the money, no
I don't need no reputation
And I'm not in it for the show...

I just want a hit record
Want to hear it on the radio
Want a big hit record
One that everybody's got to know..."

Truer words were never sung from the man who, with his first solo album, scored with three hit records. "All By Myself" and "Never Gonna Fall In Love Again" have become oft covered classics. When that first solo album, *Eric Carmen,* was released in the fall of '75, it was a step to erase five years of Raspberries. Eric Carmen was the chief Raspberry, the main songwriting force behind all that pop music; whatever *their* failure was, it was something that Eric took seriously.

Now, almost two years after *Eric Carmen* was released, and some three years after The Raspberries recorded their last album, Eric Carmen's second solo effort is out. The long gap between albums was the result of many things — most of them growing pains and changes. The album got off to so many false starts that it ended up costing a half million dollars to record. That's serious money for an artist who was even greatly successful with a first album.

Gus Dudgeon, the famed producer of all of Elton John's albums until recently, was slated to produce the album in London. Then, Dudgeon took the project (after several unsuccessful months of recording) to Los Angeles. Nigel Olssen, Elton's drummer for many years, was recruited into the recording band and agreed to tour with Eric. Guitarist Richie Zito and bassist Dave Wintour were brought in from Neil Sedaka's touring band (and several sessions) to replace Eric's original septet. Only Rich Reising was kept from the first album and band.

Suddenly, Dudgeon left the albums sessions and shortly thereafter Nigel Olssen walked out as well. There were internal problems and Eric was left holding the bag. The album, *Boats Against The Current,* still had to be recorded.

With a total change in personnel complete, Eric set out to right the wrongs and produce the tracks himself. So, with the expertise of engineer Val Garay (whose credits include Linda Ronstadt's sessions, among others), *Boats* began to take shape.

Eric, a Clevelander like myself, came home on a few occasions and we would talk about things. His quotes are taken from several conversations.

"What happened during the recording of *Boats* was that the political end of things was completely free; I didn't have to use anyone if I didn't want to. Rich Reising played on this album because he was the right player, not because he was in my touring band or because he was my friend," said Eric firmly.

Eric feels that the eight tracks on *Boats* are the best songs he has cut in his career. This comes at a time when Frank Sinatra has recorded the title cut, "Boats Against The Current," as a single release and Frankie Valli has recorded a custom - made Carmen song he requested for a single. Even Shaun Cassidy has a single with Carmen's "That's Rock And Roll," a track from Eric's first album that was deliberately not released as a single (too close to Raspberries for comfort). Even Keith Barber (who had a hit with "Echo Park" several years ago) is recording a song Eric wrote for the first album called "Everything."

The title "singer - songwriter" suddenly fits Eric a lot better than before. People are going to take him seriously now; or so he hopes.

"Instead of being Eric Carmen, the kid from Cleveland with a band of hitherto unknown musicians, this album shows up with people like Tom Scott, Nigel Olssen, Bruce Johnston, Jim Price and Bobby Keys on it. There are all these amazing hot musicians on *Boats*. What are they doing on an Eric Carmen album? Well ... I do think people who didn't take me seriously before are starting to do that now. Something has changed about me and as a result I will probably tour less; I don't have anything to prove anymore," said Eric proudly.

With Eric it was a matter of changing his ways to adapt to his mature outlook on his craft. He isn't a teenager anymore and rather than become an aging screamer (you know who they are), Eric has decided to act his age. He'll never become a pitiful, over-thirtyish rocker who peaked years ago. He's even giving his more pop songs and rocking material to other acts in an effort to branch out without trying to be everything to everyone.

Eric speaks of *Boats Against The Current* (the third title of the album actually; earlier ones were *There's No Surf In Cleveland, Ohio* and *Nowhere To Hide)* with pride and honesty: *"Boats* is a less accessible album than my first one; it's not a bunch of pop tunes. In its own way it is a concept album and lyrically it's a whole lot more mature than anything I have done before.

(continued on page 43)

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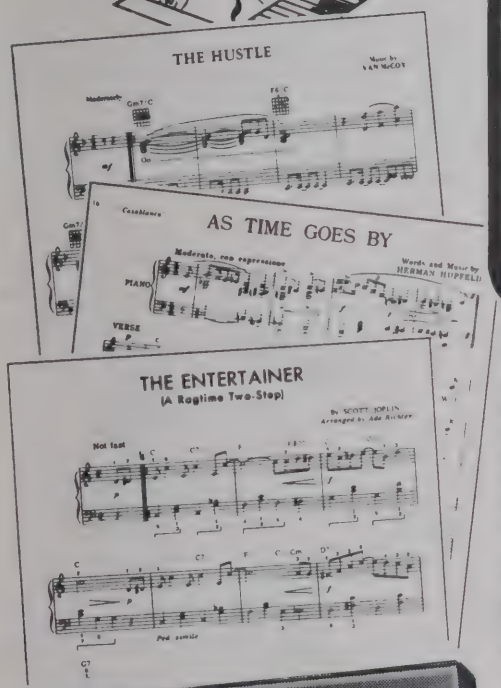
Baby Face	*I Only Have Eyes For You	A Shanty In Old Shantytown
*Bye Bye Blackbird	*Anticipation	Moonlight Bay
Let's Do It	*Never My Love	Yellow Rose Of Texas
Tea For Two	Rainy Day People	Down By The Riverside
My Heart Stood Still	I Dig Rock And Roll Music	Sweet Georgia Brown
Summer Of '42	You're So Vain	The Band Played On
La Vie En Rose	Rock The Boat	Hello Ma Baby
*Dancing In The Dark	After The Gold Rush	Ten Cents A Dance
Night And Day		Smiles



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SPINADDICT • SPINADDICT

by
JAMES
SPINA

Any of you who were around for my last column know by now that I am totally smitten with the new music coming out of England. I've got to say right now that this doesn't mean some sort of magical conversion to the punk bandwagon. This is the music that I've loved all along. These are the sounds that started this addiction years ago, consuming and guiding my life in a way that no religion, no art form, NOTHING can compare with. The music of The Sex pistols, The Jam, the Vibrators, Nick Lowe, etc. is not some new light at the end of the dark tunnel. It is the demon that has haplessly and carelessly carried me through that darkness all along.

But I have noticed some differences in my approach of the last few months. My tolerance for music that is anything less than the sounds of someone like Johnny Rotten has hit an alltime low of intolerance. I just can't put up with the pap currently dominating the charts and the stadium concert scene. And for the first time, I don't really give a damn if the music I love succeeds. It's not that I want anything to remain in cult status, but I've just tired of trying to convince folks that there's something going on besides Crosby, Stills and Nash getting together for the hundredth time. If you want to pay attention to that garbage, go right ahead. It's your loss.

I'm not here to predict the latest trends. My job is to love rock and roll and put that love affair in words. You're not helping me by ordering The Sex Pistols "Pretty Vacant" or Motorhead's latest 12-inch single. Help yourself. As always, I'm very grateful for all the other junk being released. It gives me a great chance to slag away amd make what I like seem all the more delectable (to me).

BEBOP DELUXE "LIVE IN THE AIR AGE" (CAPITOL) Thought I could immediately throw you off guard by raving about a group that has nothing to do with the new wave. Leader Bill Nelson has been guiding his group through some incredible sounds for a couple of years now, but even that didn't prepare me for the excellence of this live recording. The set is actually one album's worth of music (pressed on white vinyl!) plus a 12 inch E.P. of three additional songs. The whole sound (vocals, guitar and band) is immaculate. Nelson is a champion at penning and performing these musical novellas peopled by his unique myopic visions. His guitar sound echoes such masters as Beck and Hendrix but at no point do you get the feeling of carbon copy riffing. Every solo is meticulously worked into the texture of the song in a way that reiterates rather interrupting the flow of the music. Nelson's exquisite tastes overflow on to the very packaging of the discs. The whole project reeks of loving care and deserves massive attention.

CROSBY, STILLS AND NASH "CSN" (ATLANTIC) Some of the songs (all Nash) and an occasional snatch of good harmonizing (but nothing that can't be found in abundance on any Hollies' LP) cannot save this album from being little more than inflated hype. The songs are mostly earmarked by the same "I - once - dated - Joni" drivel that puffed away on the first CSN album. If, as Ian Hunter once sang, nothing succeeds like failure, this bunch should really do well. Failures all. I bet they are hoping that ole Mr. Young isn't too busy in the not too distant future.

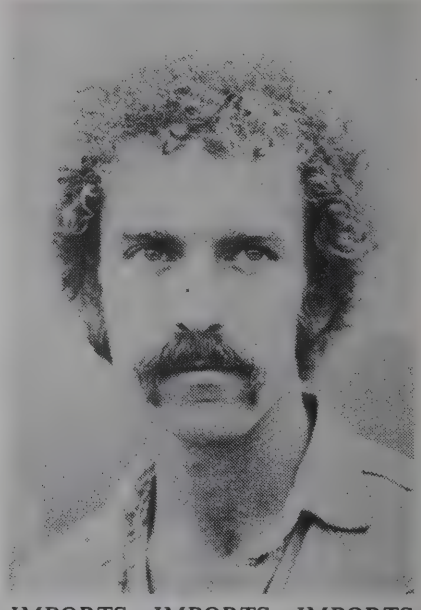
THE STRANGLERS "IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS" (A&M) This disc was reviewed as an import last month but I couldn't resist mentioning that it is now available on an American label. The packaging and cuts are exactly the same. Strangler music stands up very well to repeated listenings and A&M would be wise in putting some strong publicity behind obvious single choices such as "Peaches" and "Goodbye Toulouse".

STRAWBS "BURNING FOR YOU" (POLYDOR) This band stands precariously close to falling off the same edge that consumed Procol Harum. Cousins should give up even more ground to the other members (especially guitarist Dave Lambert) to insure forstalling soggy sameness.

AC/DC "LET THERE BE ROCK" (ATLANTIC) OK, Downunder, this is more like it. School - bully rock havoc from Easybeat syblings. Occasionally over - hectic and sexually obvious but what the hell ... it throbs.

THE BERNIE LEADON - MICHAEL GEORGIADES BAND "NATURAL PROGRESSIONS" (ELEKTRA) I might be recommending this just to prove that I don't hate every single country - rock band that comes my way. Leadon was in fact a forceful member in one of America's finest, The Eagles, so it's not too hard to believe that this effort should be worthwhile. I actually thought he quit The Eagles because he wasn't happy with their rocking direction but this record is quite a snarler in its own right. Bernie's forte is whining disenchantment (not unlike the feelings often found in the work of Gram Parsons) and the music on this disc is filled with that sublime disgust. As stated, the edge is decidedly jaggered and just sharp enough to keep me more than satisfied.

And the music? Tons of high speed riffing, ample feedback exclamations and a vocalist who drags a beat or two behind the basic rambling of the band. Guitarist Paul Weller writes most of the material (although bassman Bruce Foxton penned "Carnaby Street," the delightful B-side to their new single "All Around The World") and let's just say that Peter Townsend ain't got nothing on this guy. One thing the LP didn't need was a reworking of the "Batman Theme" closing out side one. Even The Kinks could never get away with that one. Buying one record this month? This is it.



IMPORTS IMPORTS IMPORTS IMPORTS IMPORTS...

As I said, this is the stuff taking up most of my turntable time these days. I've already mentioned the Jam single but everything pales next to THE SEX PISTOL'S "PRETTY VACANT / NO FUN" (VIRGIN). This group IS IT. Rotten has a devastating sense of lip. He rips the hell out of every word he utters. He doesn't sound tortured. He is tortured. It's the usual theme of emptiness and uselessness bolstered by that buzzing boredom and musical mistreatment. I can't get enough of it. That longing is semisatisfied by THE VIBRATORS' "PURE MANIA" (EPIC*IMPORT),

an aggro - gation of punkoids sometimes associated with Chris Spedding. The English press is constantly questioning their credentials (age and commercial intent) but I don't see the point since the music is wonderfully rabid and every bit as turbulent as a hellhound with chainsaw dentures. One song, "Baby Baby," might even qualify as the first British - New Wave ballad. It sounds like a misanthrope on the make. Many of the songs remind me of that hyper - insensitivity so cherished on the first MC5 album. The guitar work is equally sonic.

The only way to approach MOTORHEAD is to award them this month's Blue Cheer ROCIRONROLL trophy. Their 12-inch single "MOTORHEAD / CITY KIDS" (CHISWICK) is nothing short of a double dose of those summertime blues. The trio is composed (or decomposed) of exs from Hawkwind and The Pink Fairies so you know you're in for plenty of simple - minded chording and goulish vocals. Let's just say that this is driving - music that makes "Born To Be Wild" sound like a Woody Guthrie folk ballad. The sound (as on most 12-inchers) is extra LOUD.

STIFF RECORDS is a main outlet of much of the R'n'R madness coming out of England these days. "A BUNCH OF STIFFS" is a terrific assortment of the label's bullpen including Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello (can't wait to get this guy's album), the above mentioned Motorhead and others. One of the songs, "I Love My Label," sums up my feelings about this record and Stiff beautifully. The Bob Dylan parody, "Food", is outrageously funny. Stiff has a tendency of discontinuing things to keep everything cultish so get it fast.

If your local doesn't carry imports write to those people at JEM (Box 343, South Plainfield, N.J., 07080). That's where I buy mine and the service is fabulous.

"REGGIE KNIGHTON" (COLUMBIA) This guy is a perfect way of getting back into some domestic product. I don't know much about him but the music follows valuable guidelines set down by Alex Chilton in Big Star. Reggie has a number of things going for him. His guitar work nimbly moves from tranquil to feverish. His voice echos that duality. And his lyrics are touchingly bizarre. "Jenny" tells the tale of girl who suffers from radiation poison and so, of course, has to join a circus side show. "Girl From Pluto" has to be the best extraterrestial love song ever. And "VD Got To Idi"! Do I really have to elaborate on that one. Come on Columbia. Dock Boston a couple of publicity bucks and slip some promo-dough to Reggie.

THE ANIMALS "BEFORE WE WERE SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED" (U.A.) What a great title for an album that goes so far in proving that this rock game has nothing whatsoever to do with age, time spans and preplanned rigamortis. This is the original cast of Animals responsible for "House Of The Rising Sun" oh so many years ago. Gone are the later-day excesses of Eric Burden. Stalled for the moment are the jovial Geordie ramblings of Alan Price. Instead we can welcome back those precious one-note guitar runs of Hilton Valintine tearing out above Chas Chandler's stoic bass run. Price at his bluesy best, lusting the keys of his organ and piano. And Eric. He is still one of the best RnB voices in the world. I only hope it can happen again and again ad infinitum.

CAROLE KING "SIMPLE THINGS" (CAPITOL) New label for our lady of simple sap songs and equally vapid vocals. Why bother.

"BEN E. KING AND THE AVERAGE WHITE BAND" (ATLANTIC) When all else fails ... double up. Here is one time ("Get It Up For Love") when it almost worked. And now that we are on the subject ... Doesn't black drummer Steve Ferrone mind being in a band of average whities?

JOAN BAEZ "BLOWING AWAY" (PORTRAIT) New label for our lady of simple sap songs and equally vapid vocals. Follow the instructions of preceding review.

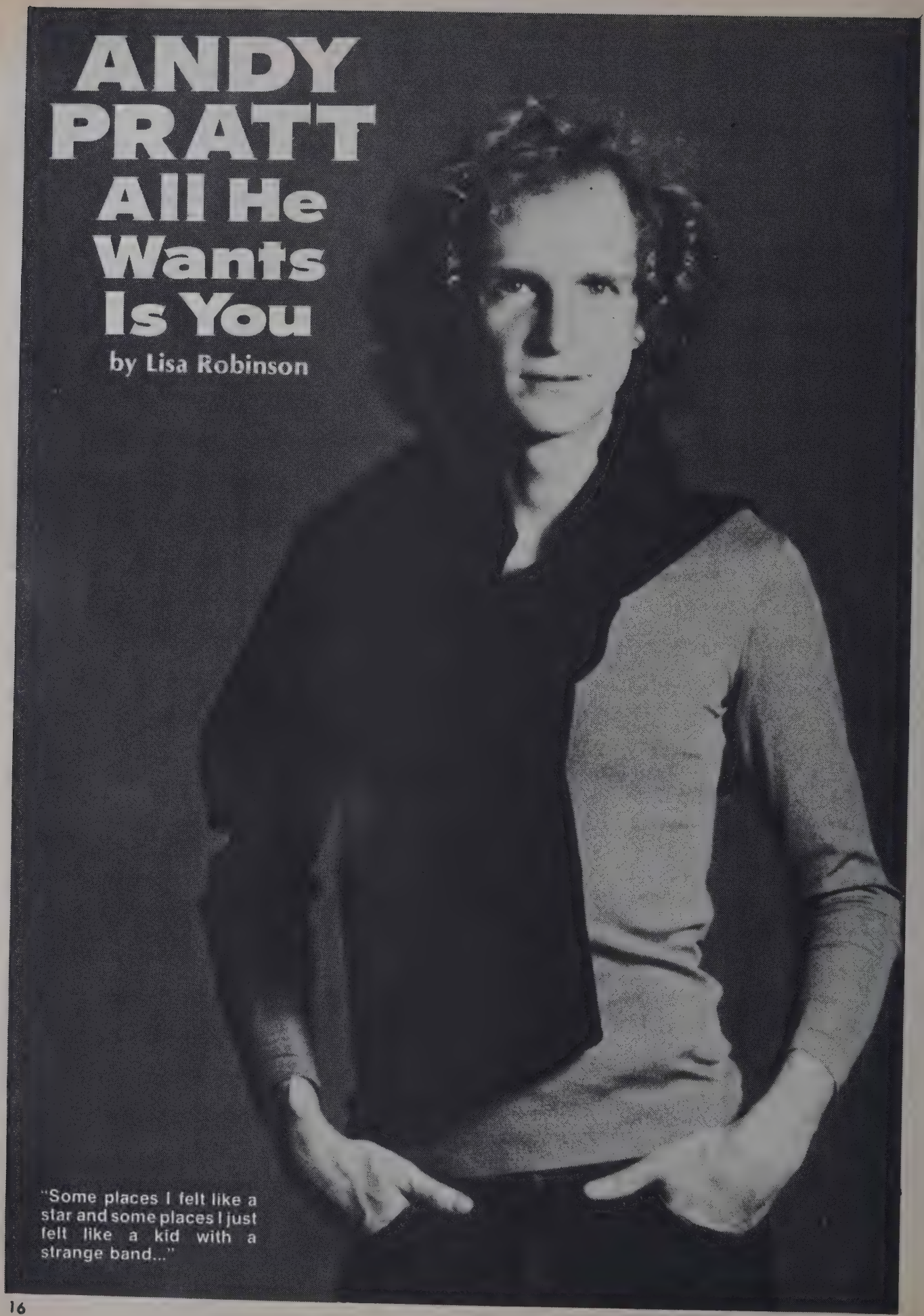
LAURA NYRO "SEASONS OF LIGHTS" (COL.) I wish she had changed labels for this live disc. I could then have used the same review for three albums in a row. As is ... Why bother.

THE JAM "IN THE CITY" (POLYDOR) If you are looking for some group to get you into 'new wave' but are leery about searching for imports this record is for you. The Jam have all the essential energies of early Who with no soul fluff stuck in between. This three - man buzz saw is the opposite pole of Johnny Rotten and the Sex Pistols. They seem to love England to the point of mad mania (actually played a gig in honor of the Queen's Jubilee!) and look far from safety pin ratty in their sharkskin suits and white shirts.

Perhaps next month I'll go into more detail about the new Dwight - Twilley Band release, "Twilley Don't Mind" (the first Clive coup on Arista that moves me). Judging from the test pressing everything sounds in perfect order. Some of the influences (Elvis and The Beatles) are still a bit too out front, but the basics seem in fine order. Listening to it certainly beats waiting for the new Eric Carmen album. □

ANDY PRATT
All He Wants Is You

by Lisa Robinson



"Some places I felt like a star and some places I just felt like a kid with a strange band..."

A new album from Andy Pratt is always an event, and in his record company's office, Andy discussed the differences between *Resolution,* the LP he released last year, and his current new album, *Shiver In The Night.*

"I was a little nervous with *Resolution,"* he admitted, "because it was the first time I'd worked with Arif Mardin and there were all these great musicians on it that I didn't know.

"I think I was more relaxed this time in the studio, because it was the second time I'd worked with Arif, and he's so musical — and has made so many great records — that it made me less nervous.

Resolution was a really inspired record, but I guess this one is more fun to listen to. Of course I still listen to it," he smiled, "I sit home and listen to myself...

"This album has a lot more rock, and it has my band (Mark Doyle, Gary Link, Andy Mendelson) on it. This past year, we've been on the road a lot, and I got used to performing. Some places I felt like a star and some places I just felt like a kid with a strange band, but I enjoyed it. Also, we have a new drummer — Frank DeFonda — and it's made everything happier and lighter.

"Some of the old songs are sort of strange and personal, and I used to worry about it. But I don't anymore, I just play them. With more rock on this album, I wasn't quite so analytical about everything.

"Having the band makes it easier, because it's not just me alone going out and trying to push and sell myself, which I'm definitely uncomfortable about. We're all in this together.

"Performing isn't always a total pleasure, but some part of it every night is a pleasure. And when it's great, it's great. The main problem is I have to sing every night and do throat exercises so I won't get hoarse. I'm not *that* disciplined, but I have put in more work on my voice these past few months."

As for his amazing falsetto: Andy admits, "Well, I've been doing this for a number of years and I have certain tricks that I resort to. I do throw it on. Basically I would like to sing real high, and I wish I could sing like that as my natural voice.

"I like to listen to people with high voices. I push myself up there all the time. I like my voice, but I always wanted to have about five more notes on top."

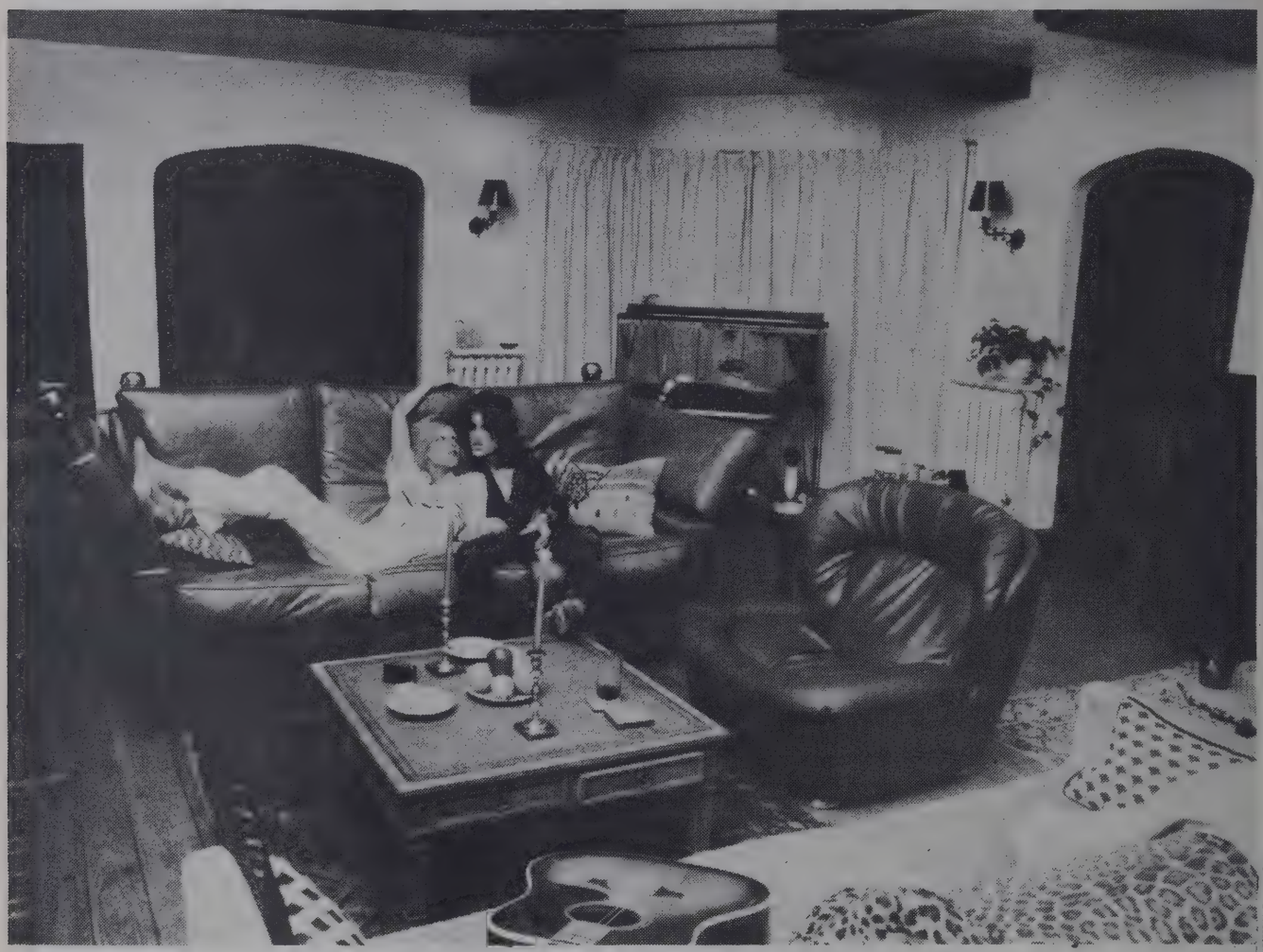
Andy doesn't mind sitting behind his piano onstage, ("It's so important to the sound, I have to play it") but he does like to be uninhibited: "I try to wiggle my head around a lot.

"I've been getting pretty uninhibited onstage these days. I mean it's not real crazy, but it's exciting. I even crack jokes onstage now."

Andy Pratt's songs have always been personal, and he says, "I need either good times or bad times to write a song. I like to write about things that have happened to me, and I like to write stories and love songs. I think I write love songs and therapy songs."□

GOING HOME
Where The Stars Pay Rent

by Lisa Robinson



Ron Pownall

Joe and Elissa Perry relax in their newly purchased "Villa Elissa"

Rock stars spend much of their working lives crashing in hotels from The Plaza to Holiday Inns, ordering room service and packing and unpacking all those satin trousers. But when the tours are over, they do go to actual homes, where they keep their possessions, pay bills, see their families, write songs and cool (or dry) out.

Where?

Carly Simon and James Taylor summer with their children Sarah and Ben on Cape Cod, but last year Carly managed to convince James to move permanently from Los Angeles to a large apartment on New York's Central Park West, where she is much more at home.

Just one block down from the Simon-Taylors are John and Yoko Lennon (although they've recently spent a lot of time in the Far East), and a few blocks further downtown from the Lennons lives Paul Simon, who's in the same building as Arista Records' President Clive Davis.

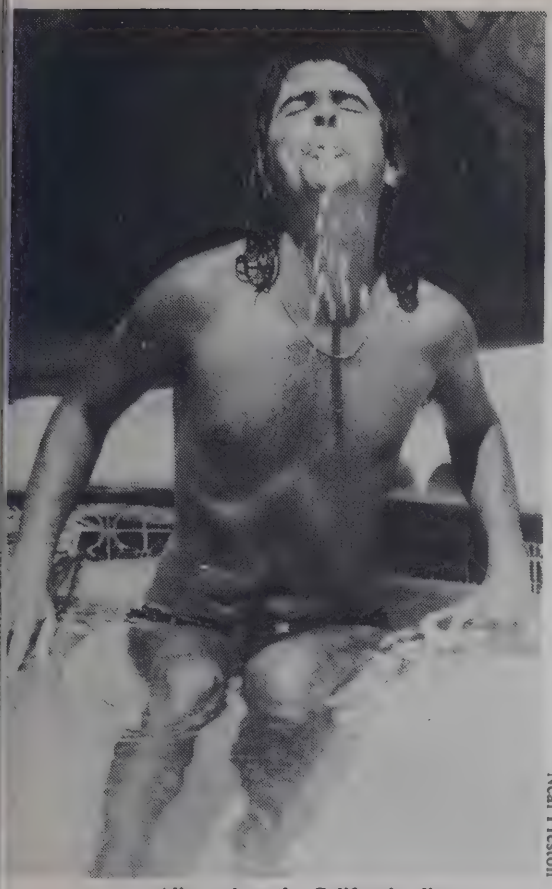
(Both men favor socializing with the "Saturday Night Live" gang, going to Elaine's and reading books, so while their work often takes them to Los Angeles, they prefer to live in New York.)

New York rockers also include David Johansen, Patti Smith, Alan Lanier, the Ramones, Television and all the new wave bands. Surely their music reflects an urban environment, and it would be hard to imagine all that black leather in Malibu.

Janis Ian lives in New York but summers in Connecticut. Edgar Winter lives in Connecticut, while brother Johnny has a penthouse apartment with a woodburning fireplace and terrace overlooking New York's East River.

Peter Wolf shares a Central Park West apartment with wife Faye Dunaway; they also have a place in Boston. Aerosmith's members stay in New England; guitarist Joe Perry and wife Elissa live in their newly bought "Villa Elissa" (complete with swimming pool and cathedral-ceilinged living room) outside of Boston, while Steven Tyler's main digs are in New Hampshire.

Bruce Springsteen still lives in New Jersey, and Southern rock stars continue to stay home even after they've made money. Except for drummer Artimus Pyle, who lives in Campobello, S.C., all of Lynyrd Skynyrd live in Jacksonville, Fla. — and in real houses, not in outdoor tents or trailers as has been rumored.



Neal Preston

Alice enjoys the California climate.

Bryan Ferry and his glamorous fiance, Jerry Hall, call L.A. home for now. Soon, they'll be in New York...

Many musicians prefer Los Angeles' "lifestyle." Malibu tenants include Bob Dylan (who now resides alone in a $2½-million house), Linda Ronstadt, Neil Diamond, Robbie Robertson, Neil Young (when he's not on his San Francisco ranch) and Joni Mitchell (during the summer; the rest of the time she's in posh Bel-Air).

Los Angeles also boasts Alice Cooper, Bonnie Raitt, Fleetwood Mac, Ringo Starr, Bernie Taupin, Bette Midler and George Harrison — who commutes between Beverly Glen Canyon and London.

San Francisco has the Jefferson Airplane, and Graham Nash is one of the few left in Haight - Asbury. From the outside, his house looks like a slum, but inside is a $300,000 renovation job. Marin County's got Maria Muldaur and David Crosby.

While Rod Stewart, Bryan Ferry and Ron Wood currently reside in Los Angeles (and Peter Frampton's got a big upstate New York home), not all

Richard Robinson

Tom Verlaine rehearses in his NY apartment

successful English musicians have abandoned their homeland for U.S. tax benefits.

Elton John still lives in England (he also has a house in Beverly Hills because, "I got tired of staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel"). After their "1975 year of exile," Led Zeppelin returned to their families in England.

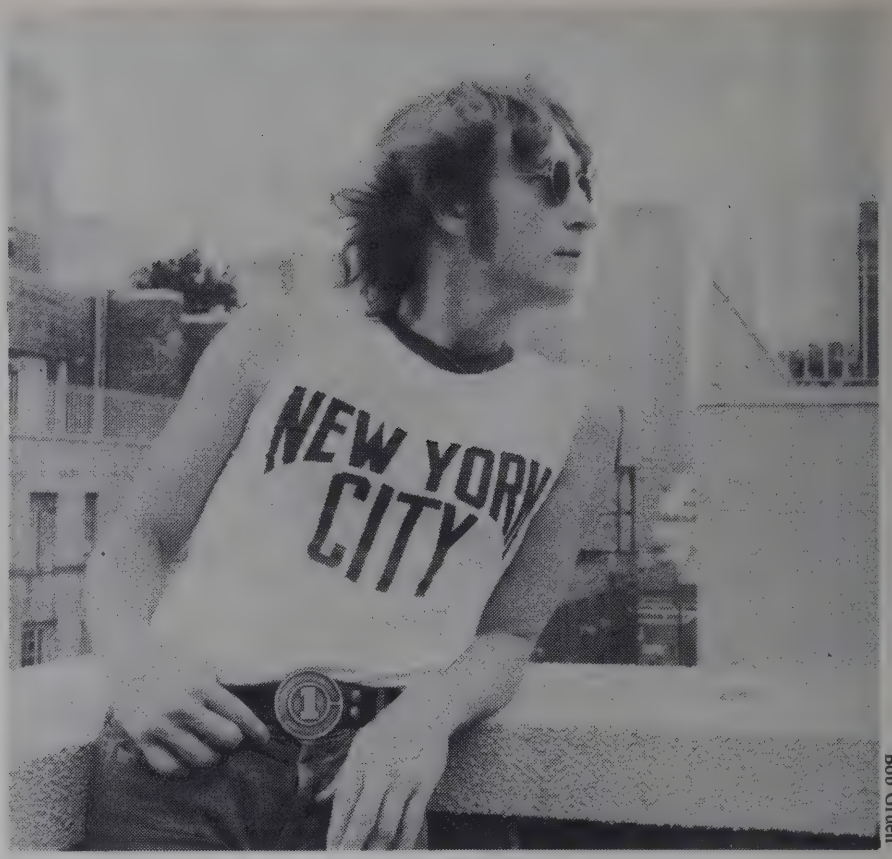
Mick Jagger keeps his Georgian antiques in a Chelsea house, and has a huge country estate which he says he's visited "about four times in eight years." Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts spend most of their time in France.

Freddie Mercury has imported all his antique Japanese furniture to his house in the heart of Kensington, London. Paul and Linda McCartney and their brood live on their Scotland farm most of the time. Until recently, Kevin Ayers lived on a houseboat in the river Thames.

What's it like when the working musicians finally do get home? Dolly Parton confessed that she's only spent three weeks at home since January, but if she was there for more than a few days, "I'd probably get restless, and have to start writing songs."

Jimmy Page admitted, "It's weird to return home after a tour, you realize that you've got all these mundane responsibilities, like bills to pay..."

And Joe Perry says that when he gets home, he automatically dials "3" on his phone — for room service. □



Bob Gruen

John Lennon ponders the New York skyline.

Bob Gruen

David Johansen and Cyrinda Foxe reflect their urban environment.

THROUGH THE PAST and future OBSCURELY 2

by Lenny Kaye

The Roots of Rock'n Roll
(Savoy SJL 2221)

The Beat Merchants
(United Artists UDM 101/2; import)

The Roxy London WC2
(Harvest SHSP 4069; import)

With all the current inquisition being waged in the name of the New Wave, pro and con, it might be wise to remember that this is not the first such assault on the pterodactyls of a complacent music establishment, nor will it be the last. In fact, it might even be argued that progressive music by its very nature has a responsibility to be New Wave, lest it remain content to repeat the innovations of the previous generation *ad nauseum*. Upheaval has not only proved the sustaining lifeblood of rock and roll, but its very reason for existence, as General Presley demonstrated when he stormed the barricades of "Pop" morality in the mid-fifties.

Yet even Elvis was only the final blow in a long process of musical trial - and - error that had been ongoing several years before he and Sam Phillips made their rock - a - billy breakthroughs. The seeds and strains of a new music could be seen in odd out croppings of previously acceptable forms (jazz, swing, country, blues etc.), and as the forties shaded into the 1950's, the simpler, more direct, and even lunatic fringe elements of these styles began inexorably entangling.

No music contributed more to this synthesis than rhythm 'n' blues, confined though it was to the ghetto of "race" records and thus supposedly removed from mass consumption. An earthy, lusty celebration of the body and soul that provided the first traces of rock and roll with its sensual delight, R&B itself was a marriage of convenience between big band swing / jazz and urban blues. As it grew in popularity, its rhythmic solidity, passionate vocalizing, and explosive excitement provided a striking contrast to the bland crooners and mushy instrumentalists dominating the nation's then-hit charts.

The Roots of Rock 'n Roll documents this era perfectly, and if the music on its four sides does not seem quite so revolutionary today, it's only because the lessons it had to teach have long since been assimilated and passed over. What remains is the intensity of these performances, their attention to nuance and detail, and the mighty music they remain.

Roots is gathered from the files of Newark's Savoy Records, one of the most important independent labels of the era, and covers the years 1947-56, when "classic" rhythm and blues had its heyday. Herman Lubinsky was the overseer of Savoy (stories handed down about his tight - fisted business sense do nothing to deny the term), and along with other such pioneers as Ahmet Ertegun (Atlantic), Art Rupe (Specialty), the west coast Bihari brothers (Modern), George Goldener (the Rama-Gee family), Sid Nathan (King), and the ubiquitous Chess brothers out of Chicago, helped bring R&B into a well - deserved spotlight. He developed acts, sent them on the road, distributed their records, and tried to find them a place on the radio.

When he was successful, he was very successful. Divided into four sides comprising instrumentals, male singers, female singers, and vocal groups, the quality of music on this compilation is astonishing. Each track—if not great on its own merits—is archetypal, a distillation of style so perfect that it recaptures its

Wild Bill Moore's "We're Gonna Rock, We're Gonna Roll" helped tie two hitherto disparate words together.

Bigger-than Big Maybelle — perhaps the premier blues shouter of her generation.

moment in history with succinct ease. Among the headliners are Wild Bill Moore, whose 1946 "We're Gonna Rock, We're Gonna Roll" helped tie two hitherto disparate words together; a similar wild man of the sax, Big Jay McNeely, whose live carryings-on usually burst past the boiling point; a milestone version of Johnny Otis' band, *still* going strong after all these years; some early Huey "Piano" Smith that shows what a great influence the city on New Orleans was destined to be; and throaty swatches of Little Esther, Varetta Dillard, and the bigger - than Big Maybelle, perhaps the premier blues shouter of her generation.

Side four, where the album takes a frustratingly tantalizing dip into Savoy's extensive vocal group vaults, is my personal favorite. The Ravens were probably the most important singing unit of their time, birthing an entire aviary of similarly named bird groups—the Orioles, Larks, Robins, etc. and providing the harmonic foundations for a supreme popularity of the R&B group that lasted well into the 1960s. Here they begin with "Old Man River", a several-niched standard that takes on new sheen from the rich bass lead of Jimmy Ricks, and lead the listener into the more formalized stylizations of Luther Bond and His Emeralds and the Jive Bombers, featuring Clarence Palmer.

Arista (who today owns the Savoy catalogue) is to be congratulated for making the same historical commitment to R&B as it has to Savoy's extensive jazz archives. The packaging is superb, and Bob Porter has provided lengthy, well - informed production / liner notes that place the music painlessly within its social context. With enough material under the Savoy trademark for several more volumes, let's hope this is a beginning and not an end. ("Hey, Bob, when's the next *Roots* coming out?")

It may be a leap in years to 1963-4, but only chronologically. *The Beat Merchants* exhumes the bones of groups that would've made up the English Invasion had they been able to leave England, forecasting a spirit of rebellion and innovation that was similarly directed at the vitalization of rock and roll. Enshrined for over a decade, the pop machinery had once again become blinded by its own self-reflected brilliance and insular success, not realizing the foundations of their empire were being gnawed away. Spearheaded by The Beatles, victory was in hand before the dazed survivors realized what had happened. While suddenly - old rock and rollers picked up the remnants of their careers and wondered what had happened, the floodgates were open to the barbarians from across the sea.

Most of the groups included on *The Beat Merchants* will be relatively unknown to the average American rock and roll fan; only a dedicated Mersey enthusiast will be able to recognize the Big Three or the Downliners Sect (and these are the more familiar!). Still, the bands represented here were the true missionaries of the British boom, filtering and refining the innovations of the Beatles and Rolling Stones to a workaday, round-the-corner attitude that permanently helped to anchor the new sound. Be they successful or gone tomorrow, their very presence worked irrevocable changes in the way rock and roll was perceived.

These were bands, vocally and instrumentally self - contained; in the main white musicians who celebrated, rather than washed over, their black roots; clanging guitars, snared drums, a distinctly Liverpudlian air. And lastly, these were committed artisans (or at least relatively so), whose efforts would repercuss throughout the 60s', be it on their own (the Paramounts, for example, forming the nucleus of Procol Harum) or as a catalyst.

Compiled and produced by Andrew Lauder, long a guiding light on the English reissue scene, as well as a superb music - o - phile, *the Beat Merchants* chronicles this history from the bottom up, capturing a particularly local sensibility within its grooves. The groups — among them Faron's Flamingos, the Pirates, Mike Sheridan and the Nightriders, Bern Elliot and the Fenmen, the Redcaps — are identified by their city of origin, and the liner notes reprint newspaper articles of the time. "Even a casual glance at the charts," admits one from *Beat Music* prophetically, "reveals ... the decline of the first wave of beat groups. The novelty of beat has worn off ... no longer can groups rest on their laurels..."

Does it never end? After spending most of the seventies desperately searching for the Next Big Thing, a viable underground (and from the standpoint of American sales and airplay, it remains that) has now been established. Vicariously labeled punk-rock, but more purposefully vague under the appelation of New Wave, it builds on hard-core 60s roots (Velvet Underground, Stooges) through early seventies experimentation (New York Dolls, Roxy Music) to build an angry, energetic sound, compulsive in its sense of confrontation with the pop hierarchy of the past decade.

In America, the movement has been characterized by a freewheeling versatility; no one group seems to be engrossed in the terrain of others. The English variety of the breed is more easily defined, garnishing a look to match the image, and so infinitely more exportable.

The Ravens gave birth to an entire aviary of similarly named bird groups.

Little Esther

Johnny Otis and his orchestra are STILL going strong after all these years.

A vast sense of turnaround now sees American bands being influenced by the p**k mythology, and where all this will lead is anybody's guess. What is important is that, for the first time in the 70s a broad-based alternative that inevitably must shake up the status of today's music is in the process of creation, an arrow pointed straight at the heart of the 1980s. On the time-train, that amounts to a headlong express.

For *The Roxy,* properly addressed *London WC2,* even the first four months of this year (1977) seem like ancient history. Most of the bands on this album have signed English contracts (the Adverts to Anchor, Slaughter and the Dogs to Decca), improving considerably in the process, the scene has been raised to ever - higher levels of peak interest (Sex Pistols at No. 1 in the British charts), and even the Roxy is no longer like it Used to Be among the cognoscenti. But as document, this album is priceless, from its snippets of recorded conversation to its sounds of the band's setting up, tuning, sparring with the audience, who are, in the end, themselves. A Thursday night on the circuit, atmosphere as smokily charged as the music, stripped down rock, garishly beautiful/ugly, radiating a charged belief in its own invulnerability with none of the moderating adjectives of recent years. This is where the dreams of rock and roll meet the eternal three chords. The result is a blast that denies its past, burns it present, invents its future. Not bad for any New Wave.

And while you're at it, pick up "First Time" by the Boys, Eater's "Outside View", the Ramones' "Sheena Is A Punk Rock", "In the City" by the Jam, anything by the Clash (these guys are front-line *Man Ah Warriors),* Chelsea, the Dead Boys, the Saints, and on and on... Fuck what side of the revolution you gotta be. Great records never lie.□

"The Beat Merchants" exhumes the bones of groups that would've made up the English Invasion had they been able to leave England...

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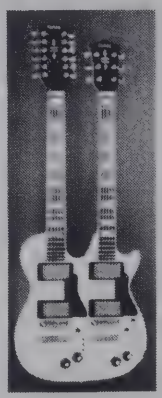

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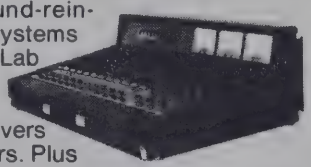

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ELECTRIC NEWS

FENDER INTRODUCES INTEGRATED REVERB/AMPLIFIER PACKAGE

Fender Musical Instruments has announced a high-powered, all-tube amplifier with reverb, the new Fender Super Twin Reverb.

The compact, integrated unit offers musicians a broad array of function controls for maximum flexibility. Volume-boost, equalization, reverb and distortion are all foot-pedal controlled. Front panel controls also cover these functions.

Sound spectrum potential is virtually unlimited through the 5-band equalization and harmonic balance pre-amp control section. A variable distortion circuit gives positive control of sound edge.

Output to the two specially-designed 12" speakers is 180 watts RMS, 395 watts peak music power. Tilt-back legs offer added sound projection. A line output-recording jack is provided for studio use.

Building on the popularity of Fender all-tube amplifier units, the Super Twin Reverb contains 11 advanced design Fender tubes and six silicon diodes. Four of the tubes are dual purpose; one is triple purpose, delivering equivalent performance to a 17-tube amplifier.

Despite its power and wide spectrum of functions, the new Super Twin is compact and ruggedly constructed. Size is 19¾" high, 19½" deep, 26" wide. Weight is 97 lbs. Foot pedals store in the unit's case when not in use.

For more information, write: Fender Musical Instruments, 1300 E. Valencia Dr. Fullerton, Calif. 92631.

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One red shoe, one green. One white sock, one blue. A red and white striped jacket, red, yellow and green striped shirt, white shorts and a red beanie on his head.

ELTON WITH KIKI

"The Male Betty Boop"?

 Photos by Mick Rock

The limousines were lined up outside the trendy One Fifth Avenue restaurant for Kiki Dee's New York party where the air conditioning failed on one of New York's hotter nights.

But that — plus the fact that her Central Park concert was postponed because of the pouring rain — didn't dampen anyone's spirits as the invited guests ate oysters, drank champagne, and danced to disco music until way after midnight.

Of course Kiki's pal Elton was there, and you should have *seen* what he was wearing.

One red shoe, one green. One white sock, one blue. A red and white striped jacket, red, yellow and green striped shirt, white shorts, white sunglasses and a red beanie on his head.

(A "friend" muttered, "I don't want to say anything, but he wore the same thing last week when we had dinner in L.A.," while Elton's comment to me about his outfit was, "I'm the male Betty Boop.")

E.J. admitted that when some fans came knocking at his door on a dare to ask him to perform a local show for free he did it, but obviously doesn't intend to make this a regular practice.

"Next time I tour, I definitely want to do shows in smaller halls," he said. "I think I'd like to do a week, say, at Carnegie Hall." (Since Carnegie doesn't allow rock bands in the place, it's a good bet that when E.J. tours again, it might be solo — at the piano — like he did at London's Rainbow.)

He added that performing probably won't take place until sometime next year: "I needed this time off.

"Next week I'm off to Seattle to do a studio single with Thom Bell (who produces the Spinners), and then in October I'll come back to New York to promote my book."

That book — to be published by Viking Press—will be titled "Elton: It's A Little Bit Funny," and has photos by David Nutter, who accompanied E.J. on his recent U.S. tour, with text by Bernie Taupin.

"If this book doesn't ruin my reputation, I don't know what will," Elton laughed.

Elton intends to have the book publication party of all time; he'll host a bash in NY's *Madison Square Garden* with a private disco party afterward. When reminded that at Mike Todd's famous Madison Square Garden gala actor Cedric Hardwicke rode in on an elephant, E.J. replied, "Oh, I'm flying right into the arena on the Concorde."

The following day Kiki had her rescheduled Central Park concert. Blue began the show early — at five o'clock — because the New York Philharmonic was set to perform for free in the park at eight thirty, and there could not be conflicting sound...

Elton arrived again in one of those outfits ... this time it was one *no* sock, one yellow. One green shoe and one orange. The white shorts again with a green and

(continued on page 42)

Kiki's show was terrific; she looked great in white and black stripes — with red high heels and a red carnation for contrast.

DAY OF THE COMMIE
by Legs McNeil
Part 2

We left Part I of Leg's McNeil's latest fantasy as he and Debbie Blondie were held captive by a Commie squad. Blindfolded and gagged in the back of a van, they were on their way to an undisclosed location...

When I finally saw Debbie and Chris again, I tried to apologize, but they just laughed and told me that everybody thought it was part of the act and they got such great publicity over the event that certain record companies were making them serious offers. After that, we came to be quite friendly and even went to Delaware once for a weekend, but that's another story, I thought to myself, as the van skidded to a halt. I estimated that we had been driving for about an hour. The back door squeaked open and a pair of hands grabbed me and dragged me out and stood me up. I heard Debbie being dragged out after me. I yawned and I felt a pair of hands grab on each side my arms and guide me down a long hollow corridor, up about three flights of stairs, down another corridor, and around a corner. A large metal door slammed behind me and someone yanked off the blindfold. The sudden light burned in my eyes. I squinted and glanced around the room. Debbie stood by my side, trying also to adjust to the light as our four friends stood around the door still leveling their guns at us.

The uniformed midget paced between us and the four assassins and I suddenly noticed that the large lofty room was filled with thousands and thousands of records, of every shape and label. In the far end of the room sat a huge x-ray type machine. As I stood staring at the weird apparatus and the piles of records, I thought maybe this was all part of some twisted record company plot. "But no," I mused, "even the greediest little beggar wouldn't go to these extremes and hire a hatchet mob to shred a restaurant full of innocent people. No, only a bloodless dirty commie could execute such a horrendous act." I pondered, with a growing hatred for my captors. I looked over at Debbie and she gave me a devious little smirk, like she had an idea. I glanced over at the four machine guns and wondered what was cooking in that pretty little head of hers. Just then, the midget stopped pacing and looked at us. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Col. Boris Blatanoff of the K.G.B..."

"Can it, shortie! We don't really care who you are!" Debbie shot out viciously, interrupting the little man's speech. I knew Debbie was testing him. The little Colonel went into a Russian temper tantrum, and almost had a hemorrhage as he screamed at her, the veins in his forehead and neck almost bursting. One of the guards picked him up and sat him on a table and tried to calm him as one of the other guards dashed out of the room and returned shortly with a glass of water and a sedative. Blatanoff quickly gulped it down and after catching his breath, motioned to one of the guards who came to his aid and helped him off the table.

The little KGB agent marched right over to Debbie and stated "nobody calls me shorty and gets away with it," and kicked her in the shin. He marched back to the table and the guard helped him back up on the table. Debbie hobbled on one leg rubbing her shin and looked at me trying not to burst out laughing. She winked at me and turned back to the colonel and with her most seductive voice said, "Oh, I'm so sorry to upset you Colonel Blatanoff, I didn't realize you were so sensitive." The Colonel smiled and gazed at her beautiful body from top to bottom.

"Vell, now that you know I'm not to be toyed with, I'm going to let you in on a little secret, seeing as you won't be around much longer," he said with a psychotic little giggle. "If you hadn't realized it already, I am the leader of an elite group of provacateurs dedicated to the anihilation of this decadent western culture." Debbie smiled at me with a keen sparkle in her eye and turned toward the Colonel.

"Well, for a man who hates our culture so much, you sure listen to a lot of our music", she said, with a sweep of her hand, motioning to the piles of records.

"Ah, so you've noticed my little collection, heh heh heh, vell, I'll tell you

(continued on page 60)

How could a chick that beautiful and that delicate looking be such a storm trooper at the same time...

Richard Creamer

ELVIS: A Tribute

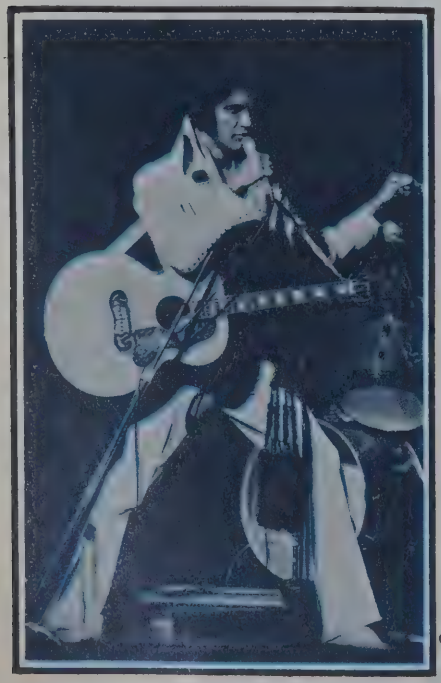
Jay Dee called me with the news. "Have you heard?" he asked. Then, without waiting for a reply: "Elvis is dead".

They were words that seemed out of place. Of course Elvis wasn't dead. The music he helped to found was still scheduled to go on that night, from the basements and small clubs to the giant stadiums, over millions upon millions of radios and records, hummed by passer-bys, danced to, tripped over, soundtracked, muzaked, as much a part of living as the intake of breath. Nor did it stop with the music. Everything that Elvis was, from a flurry of hips to the world-famous sneer, their part in the human psyche was as elementally real and unreal as the presence of Graceland among its Memphis highway setting of gas stations and Dunkin' Donuts. Heaven on earth, and where is one without the other?

He never had to be anything more than Elvis. The supreme vehicle, he allowed those around him to refine and channel his energy. Sam Phillips had the theory ("if I could find a white singer with the Negro sound and the Negro feel"), but Elvis was the persona. Col. Tom Parker could mastermind him to the top, but it was Elvis who unleashed the screams, and even Elvis seemed blissfully unaware of why:

"I came out on stage and I was scared stiff," he once said. "I was doing a fast type tune ... and everybody was hollering and screaming and everything. I came off stage and my manager told me everyone was hollering because I was wiggling. So I went back out for an encore and did it a little more and the more I did it, the more they screamed."

A national monument, his performance became ritual, a detached religious ceremony, rock and roll's Buffalo Bill trapped in his own mythology.



Dagmar

The uproar was for the birth of rock and roll, and Elvis was the first rock and roller.

But the uproar was for the birth of rock and roll, and Elvis was the first rock and roller. By slipping out of any definition, he forced the creation of a new form, became its leader and watched it engulf continents. His personality reflects in every guitar - wielding showstopper; his attitude is the spirit behind rock and roll's uplifting drive toward integral rebellion. And if, as years went by, he seemed increasingly isolated from himself, it was only because his very stature had removed him from the paths of mortality. A national monument, his performance became ritual, a detached religious ceremony, rock and roll's Buffalo Bill trapped in his own mythology. Perhaps he could've fought against it. Perhaps he was just too tired. More than two decades of being Elvis Presley had taken a wearying toll, and maybe it was easier to dream...

That's all right, mama, any way you choose. □ Lenny Kaye

Col. Tom Parker could mastermind him to the top, but it was Elvis who unleashed the screams...

THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

by Lisa Robinson

(This interview was conducted in two parts. Joe Perry talked from his Boston home where he was working on the leads for Aerosmith's new album; Steven Tyler was in New York, putting the finishing touches (read, lyrics) on "Draw The Line".)

STEVEN TYLER

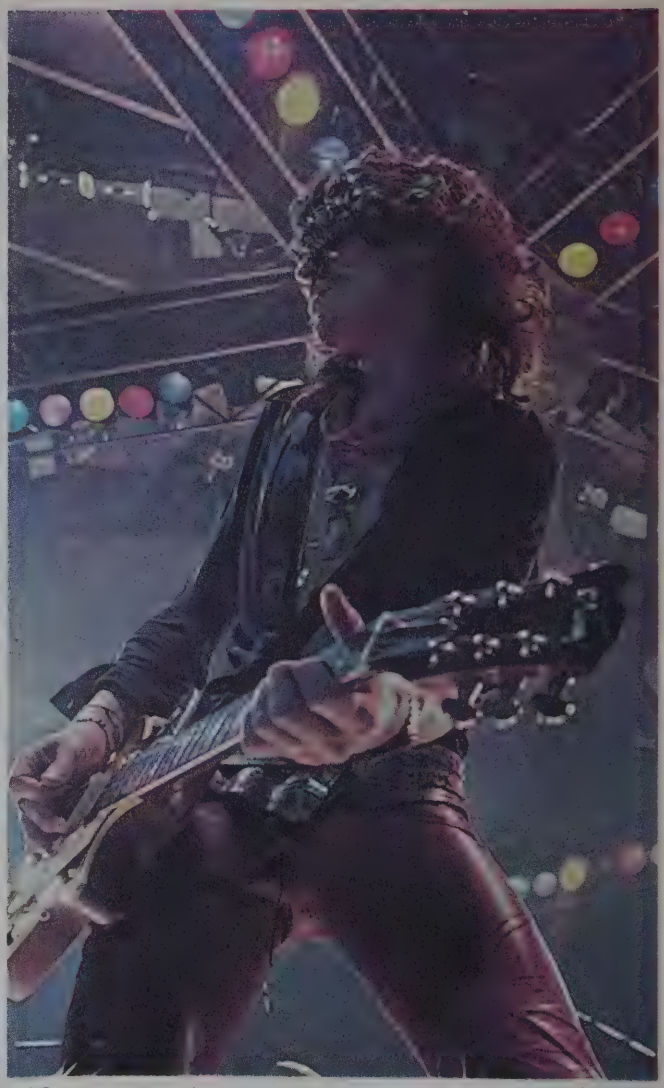
"I'm not a poet who can sit down and write anything that comes into my head. It takes time, and a lot of filling up the fireplace - twenty times at least - with paper..."

HP: Do you always wait until the last minute to do the lyrics?
Steven: No, we're putting the finishing touches on it, just like all the other albums. It's not that it's delayed, it's just that a lot of the tunes for this album were written as the album was being put down. And there are three or four tunes that Joe wrote, he wrote a lot more than he usually does and I had too...
HP: How's this album shaping up, is it nearly all hard rock?
Steven: No, it's all over the place...
HP: Joe said it was pretty much rockers ... No ballads...
Steven: Well, even the ballads I wrote before were rockers, unless they were just sweet lullabies, of which I can think of two ... I mean 'Dream On' ain't no rocker...
HP: Why does it take you so long to finish the lyrics?
Steven: Why does it take me so long? Because I'm not Patti Smith who sits down and writes poetry every time something comes to my head. Perhaps I should ... I have to write exactly *to* the music ... I don't keep a diary, or anything like that. A tune gives off feeling, it almost speaks itself...

HP: So what happens, you're here secluded in New York and they prop you up and send you in to do the lyrics?
Steven: This hasn't been any different than any other album. The first album was done up in Boston, the second album was done ... where were we staying then? The Ramada Inn, up the street from the Record Plant. The third album was done when we were at the Ramada Inn - in fact I used to go upstairs by Studio C, which wasn't even a studio then, and go to the 12th floor, and go down three flights - I still do this, and the words to all the albums are all over the walls. The fourth album- we spread ourselves really thin and were all over the place; at the Plaza and the Warwick...
HP: So every album was done under this kind of pressure...
Steven: Oh yeah, pretty much so. Not necessarily this much ... You can't sit down with a song, and expect to write all the songs to an album in one week. It's gotta come from somewhere ... it's hard. It doesn't come out unless you sit down and think about it and fill the fireplace up twenty times at least, with paper.
HP: You can't do any of it while traveling?
Steven: Oh you can try, but you've got the likes of Perry, and Kelleher, and Tyler - all in the same hotel ... with a little bit of Whitford and a pinch of Tom, and a dash of Kramer. And that's just fifty percent. There's the rest of the road crew ...

32 Photos by Ron Pownall

JOE PERRY



"On the road, you're protected, because people will lock you in your room if you're getting crazy."

HP: Do you think you're Aerosmith's 'bad boy'?
Joe: You have to ask that?
HP: Well, with these ... traffic problems you've had while you're off the road ... what do you think it is that makes you get nuts when you're home? Do you get nuts?
Joe: Well, on the road, you're protected. because people will lock you in your room if you're getting crazy. You never have to drive a car, or get into an accident ... You get home, and unless there's a really drastic change in your personality, you can go crazy.

I look at the clock when I'm home and think, 'oh, I should be tuning up now'. At least for the first couple of days after playing.
HP: Do you think you have to be slightly crazy to get into all of this in the first place anyway?
Joe: How many sane musicians do you know? Of course there's crazy and there's *crazy*. Are you talking about schizophrenic, or just self destructive with a sense of humor...

You know though, I do manage to do a lot of business ... it's not that I'm a complete screwup because I got into a couple of things with my car ... A lot of guitar players are stereotyped that way, that whole Keith Richard thing. But you never hear about a lot of things that happen with other musicians. Cars, all that, it's like a rock and roll cliche. The whole bad image ... James Dean kind of thing. But there are a lot of kids who are into cars, you know. Maybe the same thing that makes a person want to go onstage and blast his brains out with sound is what would make that same person want to go faster in a car and take a chance.

STEVEN TYLER

you got the picture.

HP: Are you getting bored with this?

Steven: Yes, very much. How did you know?

HP: Seriously?

Steven: Yeah! I wanna go home and swim!

HP: I didn't even mean sitting here and doing the lyrics, I meant this whole kind of life ... going on the road, doing a record...

Steven: I'll tell you, I'm getting bored with road, off, album, road, album, road, album ... like that.

HP: What's the alternative?

Steven: The alternative is to take it a little bit lighter, that's the alternative. Not that we haven't been . actually this was the first period of time where anybody in the band got a chance to lay back, and a lot went down in those five months.

HP: What do you do to keep yourself sane when you're not on the road?

Steven: You have to space your time a little bit. You just have to take some time ... it is a little bit boring when you're off the road, and especially when you think you're not going back on for eight months. In those two hours that we play, it takes me four or five shows to get back into shape. That's why I jog around and stuff before we go out. That's why I have a jump rope here with me. I almost passed out twice, because there's no air, man, when you're up there on that stage. There is absolutely *nada* oxygen, that's why we have the fans up there. Plus there's a rush, seeing all the people ... you're in the dressing room and the doors swing open and there you are in front of 19,000 people — bingo.

HP: You don't want to give that up though, do you?

Steven: Oh no. Never said I would. Not for all the money in the world.

HP: When you go out in the fall, are you planning any new stage stuff? You once told me something about holograms...

"Playing guitar will give me a chance to do something besides spit and pick my nose..."

Steven: Well I was once hoping that we would use them, but what they wanted to do was project me ... a hologram of me that would be projected on the stage, so I would be out there singing, but I wouldn't be out there. It would be three dimensional, and people up to the tenth row would see and know something was happening. But from the tenth row back, nobody would know the difference, I'm serious.

Then I would walk out myself, and if you choreographed it properly, you could shake your hand and walk into yourself and the image would disappear.

HP: Can you imagine the possibilities of this?

Steven: Well I suppose in the future they will be able to do it,

(continued on page 62)

JOE PERRY

HP: You're not complaining about your lifestyle ... I gather you wouldn't trade what you do to be an accountant...

Joe: Sorry dear, no. I wouldn't mind knowing a little bit about accountancy, but I wouldn't trade it. You know, with me and Elissa, the way we live, is definitely 1970's/1930's. You know how they lived in the 1930's in Hollywood ... real nouveau riche. We're just doing it.

HP: What's happening with the new album?

Joe: Well, we're sort of in limbo here, waiting to finish up the album. I'm getting a sixteen track in my basement, and I'll finish my guitar overdubs up here. Then we go to Europe...

HP: What's this about doing a live LP?

Joe: Well we've been recording for one. We wanted to put it out later this year. I was thinking if we put it out around Christmas we would call it "Mid-Winter Freeze"...

HP: How's this one shaping up?

Joe: Well the basic difference with this album and all our other albums is that we would make albums, and then take the songs that we could do, and do them onstage. This time we'll be able to play eighty per cent of the songs onstage. Some of the songs on the other albums are draggy; these are all rockers, real cookers...

(continued on page 62)

"Bored? Never when I'm playing. How could I, when I have nights like Baltimore?"

"EVERYONE NEEDS FRICTION" says Iggy Pop

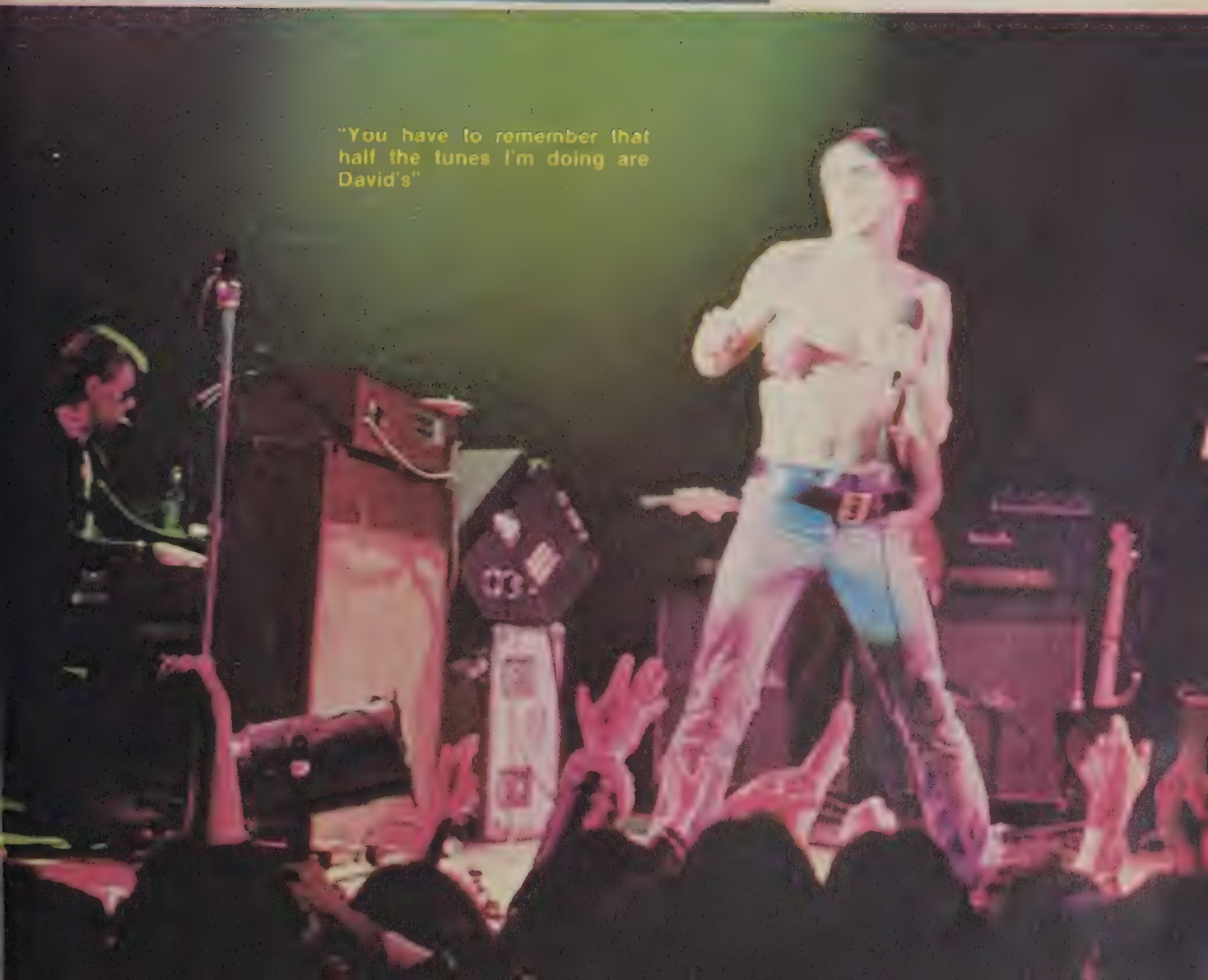
"The good thing about the traveling was that I stored up all my energy for the record, so it came out real punchy."

Iggy Pop was in New York to master his new LP, *Lust For Life*. In his elegant Mayfair House suite, Iggy, whose hair is shorter than ever and back to its natural auburn color, talked about how closely identified he's been with his current producer David Bowie.

"You have to remember that half the tunes I'm doing are David's," explained Iggy. "We're writing songs together, and what I do onstage is something that we conceived together. So a lot of what I do has been influenced by him. Of course, it's a lot me, as well."

"Also, I think David has had an altruistic motive. That's my honest opinion. Everyone told me I was crazy when I started working with him. I heard from dozens of bitter writers, actors, musicians, people who designed laser stars and glitter gas pumps that he wasn't someone to count on. But I took him at his word, and his word with me has been very good."

"You know, I was pretty happy when I was living in a farmhouse in Ann Arbor and didn't have any agent or manager. And my career is getting like that again; someone books me, but I'm not signed to anybody or anything."



"Assuming that David wants to, I think I'll probably record my next album with him, too. But if we didn't work together, I would work with someone else."

"I've worked with Ron Asheton and James Williamson, both of whom were great creative forces for what I was doing at the time. The way I work with David is not dissimilar to the way I've worked with them. It's somebody to bounce off of, someone to hassle you, to stick their tongue out at you if you're doing something schleppy. It's friction; everybody needs that."

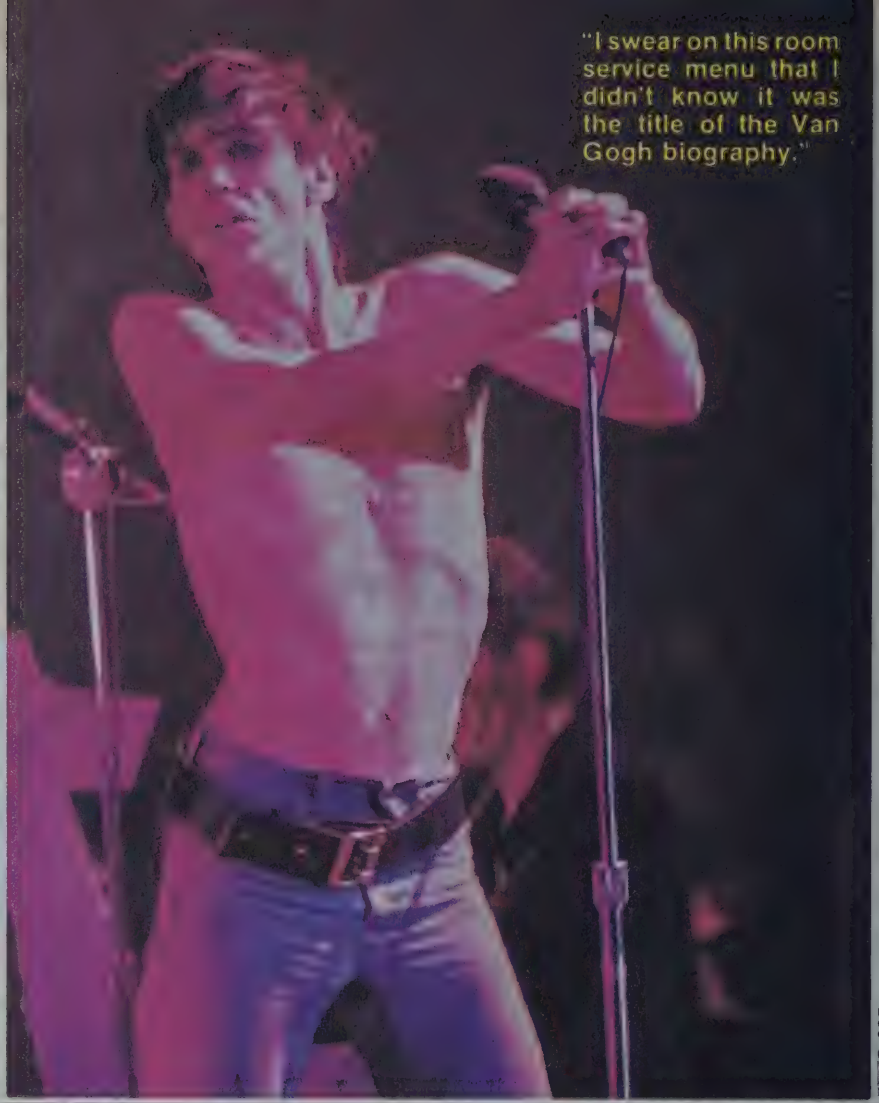
Iggy recorded his album in two weeks in Berlin, the town he currently calls home. ("I love that city, it's like Detroit," he laughs, "with thousands of years of history.")

"Three of the songs on the album I performed on my last tour: 'Some Weird Sin,' 'Tonight' and 'Turn Blue.' The rest of the songs were written when we went into the studio; David, Rick Gardner and I just made up a batch of melodies."

As for the LP title: "It's the title of one of the songs. I swear on this room service menu that I didn't know it was the title of the Van Gogh biography."

Iggy talked of his travels with Bowie. After the U.S. tour this past spring they visited Japan, Bangkok, Cyprus and Capri. And while he loved every minute of it, he admits, "I missed performing." (He's looking forward to his fall tour, and rolls his eyes as he says there'll be 50 U.S. dates after he finishes concerts in Europe and England.)

"The good thing about the traveling was that I stored up all my energy for the record, so it came out real punchy." □L. Robinson



Bob Gruen

THE MYTH OF CROSBY, STILLS & NASH

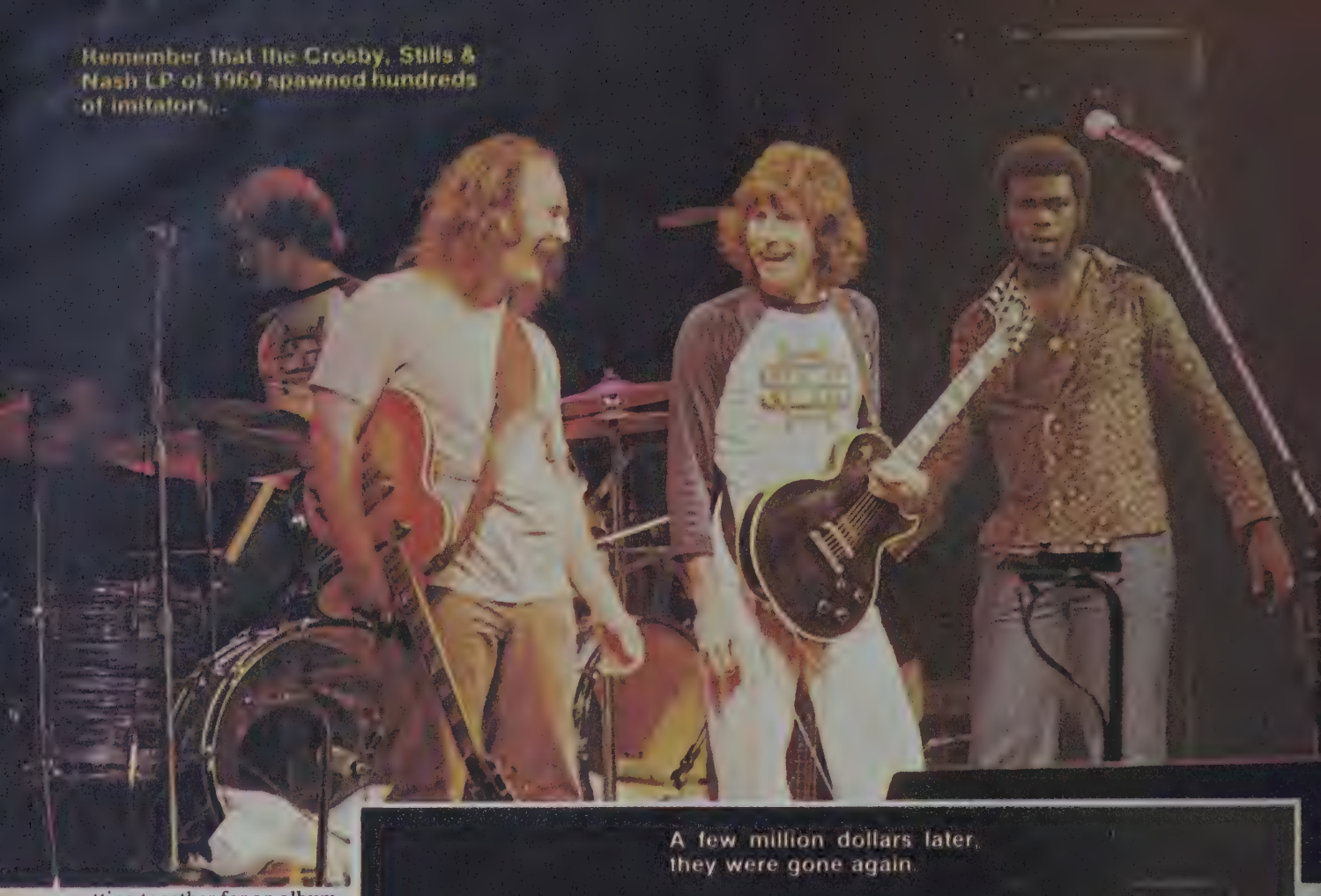
by Jim Girard

Back in 1973, Stephen Stills and I were having breakfast one wintery morning at a Cleveland Holiday Inn. Stills was not in particularly good shape; he had a slight fever, had just fought with his wife, he was carrying a massive hangover and a badly broken ankle (he had slipped at Hopkins terminal on a patch of ice). I was attempting an interview, always a glutton for punishment.

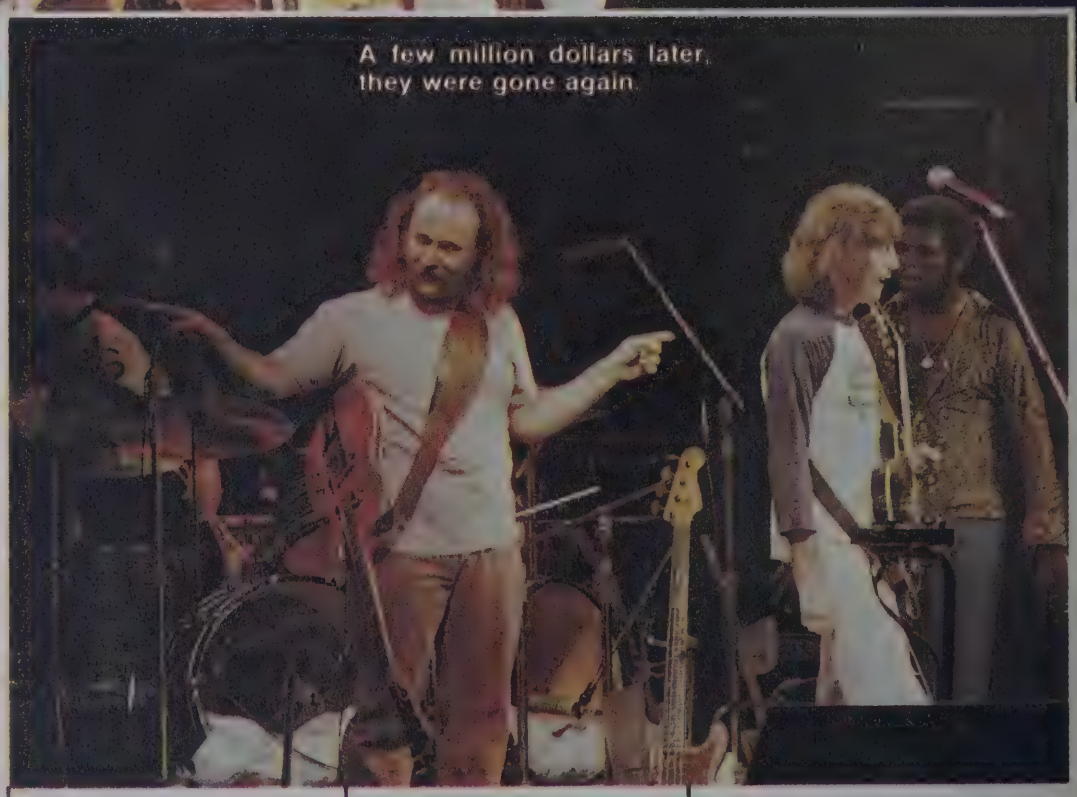
Aside from all that, Stills found his three minute eggs turned out to be harder than rocks. Just then I tactfully slipped him a small question: "When are you going to get back together with Crosby and Nash?" Ah, he loved *that* one. As I recall, he spit his eggs out and then looked me straight in the eye, saying: "Crosby, Stills & Nash is a myth." He then proceeded to finish his toast and coffee, but carried on for several minutes about how it might happen way into the future, but that it really wasn't on his mind at the time.

About 14 months later, I was surprised to hear that not only Crosby, Stills and Nash were touring stadiums, but also that Neil Young would make their reformation complete and join them — a deja vu indeed.

A few million dollars later, they were gone again. It wasn't until this spring was well into itself that I first heard Crosby, Stills & Nash were not only



Remember that the Crosby, Stills & Nash LP of 1969 spawned hundreds of imitators...



A few million dollars later, they were gone again.

getting together for an album, but that they actually had it almost finished. Twas true, of course.

Minus Neil Young, the three musical veterans had teamed up again. The album on Atlantic is titled simply *CSN*. Naturally, its record sales are astronomical; something neither the Stills solo albums or the Crosby & Nash duet albums could claim.

If they didn't get together again for financial gain, then the money they are raking in from this album is sure a welcomed pot of gravy.

For this CSN project, David Crosby and Graham Nash brought along Craig Doerge on keyboards and Russ Kunkel on drums. Doerge and Kunkel are veteran session players who belong to a quartet called The Section (a backing band for James Taylor and Crosby & Nash, as well as their own entity). "Chocolate" George Perry handles most of the bass work and ex-Barnstormer Joe Vitale plays drums. Getting the most technically proficient and reliable players available, the trio quietly booked Critieria Studios in Miami, Fla. and rented a house from the "Home At Last" folks there (a service that includes home-cooked meals, laundry chores and all the comforts of home, served up by young women who understand the trials and tribulations musicians endure when away from home). Making themselves as comfortable as possible, the three old friends lived together and worked together for the duration of the sessions, abandoning their solo projects and other duties.

They *had* to make this reunion album a masterpiece, or they would have laid their reputations to rest. A bad reunion album (or even a mediocre one) would have meant throwing away the one coupe they had all been saving for the right time. In short, they'd have blown it royal and thrown their "legend" tag right out the window.

Remember that their *Crosby, Stills & Nash* lp of 1969 spawned hundreds of imitators and would be harmony trios (America being the

40 Color Photos by Richard E. Aaron

most durable of them). So, with the standards set so high, each of the three musicians had to give their all.

WHAT IS A CROSBY, STILLS & NASH?

The definition of what they are in 1977 won't be found in Webster's. They are simply three men of varied backgrounds (Stills being a Texan who grew from The Buffalo Springfield, Nash was a limey who sang like a teen dream in The Hollies and Crosby was the devil's advocate from the original Byrds) who balance each other out. It isn't just the harmonies that make them special; the chemistry of the combination is delicate, but amazingly timeless in its appeal. They didn't play country music, folk music or blues. Certainly, they weren't rockers. The simple fact is that they created a new framework for musicians to work from; and they did it with one simple album in 1969.

Musically, Crosby, Stills & Nash are a creamy combination because they do create new music when they sing together and play together. A new instrument is crafted when they sing — one that always has defied duplication. They make great sidemen for each other and play together with sympathy and in harmony.

CS&N is a 1977 album and it was not intended to recreate any nostalgia at all. For this album to make it, it had to be technically and musically strong by today's standards. Fortunately, the album is a total success and the three players didn't have to resort to any cheap tricks to pull it off; they did it with talent, hard work and a love of music. *CSN* is an album which stands as a singular victory for them — one that doesn't have to be compared to their previous efforts.

* * * * *

I don't know too many people who rave about Steve Stills' solo efforts (discounting the two excellent Manassas albums he did with Chris Hillman). Likewise, Crosby's one album, *If I Could Only Remember My Name,* was a dismal misunderstanding with the public; it was far too technical and esoteric for most of his fans. Graham Nash has had little luck with his solo efforts and even the Crosby & Nash albums have failed to get the duo the mass acceptance that they had enjoyed previously (with CS&N, CSN&Y or with their old bands).

Complaints about Stills' works were usually to the effect that his voice sounded like crap (it usually did), his melodies were raw (they were) and his guitar playing was tiring (ditto). Graham Nash would seemingly rotate between being too syrupy for some people to being too artsy for others. Crosby was just prolific enough to make solo records anyway, but remained a fine singer nonetheless.

Why then should they make such amazing music together? Strength in numbers and all that aside, the simple truth is that they *do* balance each other out and temper each other; they compete with each other while writing and recording. The result is a product commercially excellent and the music within is of the highest quality. If they have resolved themselves to the fact that they do inspire and sharpen each others' tenacles, they should be in for a long and lucrative career as a permanent or semi - permanent unit.

The high register and distinct quality of Graham Nash's voice is the icing. The low, momosyllabic voice of David Crosby holds it all down; he's amazingly accurate. Between Crosby and Nash, Steve Stills often sing the melody and cuts the smoothness of his partners with his somewhat throaty style. That is their basic formula for success, but that dissecting only accounts for one part of what makes them great.

Like The Beatles before them, CS&N make records by sharing the songwriting and putting a few tracks by each of them onto an album. That way only a few of the many songs each has been writing gets recorded, or at least released. If nothing else, this democratic process makes for one strong album that has only the best each has to offer. Let's face it: there are not too many songwriters who can write a dozen or so great songs each year and record a whole album of excellent tracks. I'm not saying that Steve Stills should stop making solo records or that Crosby & Nash should stop doing their own projects, but there are limitations on the amount of great songs these men can write during any one given year.

So, the mystery of CS&N is unsolved by realizing that they bring out the best in each other — both in craftsmanship and in being their own quality control for material. Of course, the same tends to be true for any set of musicians with two or more writers in the group.

Of the dozen songs on *CSN,* five are by Stills, four are from Graham Nash and three by David Crosby.

"Dark Star" and "I Give You Give Blind" are the best things Stills has written and performed in at least five years. Nash's amazing and lengthy "Cathedral" is a total masterpiece in drama, melody and intensity. His "Just A Song Before I Go" is a fine first single from the album, although it is not as technically or innately considerable as his other compositions on this album. David Crosby's clever and distinct style come off great on "Anything At All" and his "Shadow Captain" features the most interesting three - part harmonies on the album.

There is no question that Crosby, Stills & Nash will be far better off financially now that they have done this album. However, they have given the record buying public something that has been long missing (anywhere, much less on their various other albums and projects) for a good eight years. So, whether they expand a future recording project to include Neil Young or not (which this album proves unnecessary), CS&N have proven that they are still a welcomed commodity in these over - crowded record shelves I have in my attic.

I am certain that more albums like *CSN* would be welcomed by a few hundred thousand other folks as well. □

DAVID CROSBY

STEPHEN STILLS

GRAHAM NASH

ELTON WITH KIKI

(continued from page 27)

black jacket and that red beanie...

Clutching an advance copy of his *Greatest Hits Volume II* album in his hand, he proudly showed off the cover (of him in soccer gear) and the accompanying lyric booklet. "It'll be out October 1st, in time for the Christmas market," he laughed, "that is, if I have a market left after last night..."

(Coincidently, the LP will be released at the same time the aforementioned book is — so even though there may not be a new studio Elton album, or a tour, there will be plenty of E.J. to go around this fall.)

Kiki's show was terrific; she looked great in white and black stripes — with red high heels and a red carnation for contrast. Elton watched enthusiastically from the side of the stage — and the girls in the audience spotted him (and started screaming) long before he went out to join Kiki on "Don't Go Breakin' My Heart". Of course it brought everyone to standing, hysterical attention, and headliner Jimmy Buffett sure had a hard act to follow.

Elton finished up the show with Kiki on "I've Got The Music In Me" and as he came offstage whispered, "Hmmm ... Just like Lawrence Welk. It's hell when you've retired dear ... pacing the stage and trying to remember the lyrics to a two-bit duet..."

□Lisa Robinson

Elton watched enthusiastically from the stage

ERIC CARMEN

(continued from page 12)

"The first album was a real nice collection of tunes — things like 'My Girl' and 'Last Night' and all that. It was an interesting sort of pop album. At the time that's just what I was writing.

"The songs on *Boats* have a sort of chronology to them; they tell a story from start to finish. If people really sit down and listen to *Boats* and listen to all of the songs, they could get a lot out of it. *Boats* is not a pop album."

Eric was so determined to keep *Boats* a concept album with eight songs that he went so far as to eliminate two pop tracks (both of them excellent songs) from the album, although they were recorded during the same sessions. One song, "Someday," appears as the B side of the album's first single, "She Did It." The other is called "Hey Deanie" and although Eric has recorded it, he may just let Shaun Cassidy release it instead. It may, however, appear on a future album of B sides and unreleased rockers that Eric would like to release a few albums further on down the line.

Eric explains: "I just didn't want to write songs like 'Hey Deanie' or even 'My Girl' for this album. I felt as though I did that already and it was onward to more serious things. The difference between this album and anything else I have ever done is that *Boats* is really an album, not just a collection of songs and singles. It's the first cohesive things I've done.

"I had the same eight songs in mind from the start. When Gus Dudgeon was working on the album I had to debate with him about not putting 'Hey Deanie' on the album. He thought it would be a hit and that's exactly what I didn't want to happen — not with that song. I mean, "Boats Against The Current" is the best song I've ever written. That's the kind of thing I wanted to get a hit with and not something like 'Hey Deanie.' "

All's well that ends well. Eric is going on tour soon and will be featuring a new road band and new material — all slightly more sophisticated than before. Richie Zito and Dave Wintour will join keyboardist George Sipl and Rich Reising (from his last band). Drummer Rick Schlosser will be playing on tour with Eric, having just completed a year on the road with Andy Pratt.

Eric also testifies that his third solo album will be out early next Spring. "I have to get back on a schedule," he admits. "I am so far behind as of this album since it took so long. The thing is that the bigger you get, the less you have to tour and the more you have time to record. I toured for a solid year with the last album and I won't be touring nearly as much with this one. People know I exist now and I don't have to prove myself as much," Eric reaffirmed.

Although he was no overnight sensation, he did get his hit records. It looks like the agonies of The Raspberries have become something of the past. Eric Carmen is a winner ... from now on.□

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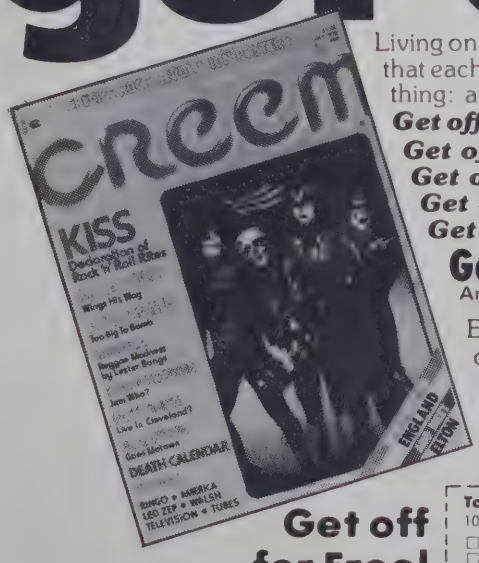

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DOG DAYS

(As recorded by Atlanta Rhythm Section)

BUIE
NIX
DAUGHTRY

Paper fans in sweaty hands
Shooin' flies away
Reflection on a porch
A shelter from the scorch
When dog days came around.

Babies squall as August crawls past old folks in the shade
The weather vane would stop and
White Oak Creek would drop
When dog days came around.

The dog days were scorchers
Southern torcher
But we found an answer to the plight
It was a dog days night.

Evening brings a front porch scene
The times when you rest your bones
And pray you won't be here
Come this time next year
When dog days come along.

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EXODUS

(As recorded by Bob Marley & The Wailers)

BOB MARLEY

Exodus
Movement of the people
Men an' people will fight you down
When you see the light
Let me tell ya if you're not wrong
Then why
Ev'rything is alright
Walk to the roads of creation
We the generation
Trial and tribulation.

Open your eyes
And look within
Are you satisfied
With the life you're livin'
We know where we're goin'
We know where we're from
We're leavin' Babylon
Into our father's land.

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YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE

(As recorded by Geils)

PETER WOLF
SETH JUSTMAN

It's very hard to define it, just why I feel this way
There must be all kinds of reasons, so many things I could say
And I know I'm not mistaken, this is love and that's for sure.

You, you're the only one (you're the only one)
You, you're the only one.

There are times I remember, it wasn't so long ago
I was lonely sad and confused, I didn't know where to go
But baby I want to tell you, just how good you make me feel

(Repeat chorus)

I'd be a fool to deny it
I want everyone to know.

(Repeat chorus)

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HEAVEN ON THE 7TH FLOOR

(As recorded by Paul Nicholas)

DOMINIQUE BUGATTI
FRANK MUSKER

"Goin' up" she said uh huh
Just as we were startin' to climb together
Ooh ooh lookin' up I said uh huh
"Maybe I could see you tonight?"
She said "never!"
Ooh ooh I was out of luck
But ten seconds later some how we got stuck in that elevator.
Heaven on the 7th floor
(Hey baby)
Heaven on the 7th floor
(I ain't complainin')
But I've never been so high before
So please don't rescue me
Never set me free
Hey hey hey.
"We're alone" I said uh huh
Looks like we could be here all night together ooh ooh
"There's a phone" she said uh huh
Gonna have us out in five minutes' time whatever
"Please could you make it ten" I told the operator
I'm havin' so much fun in this elevator.
(Repeat chorus)

And as the Musak played sooner or later I knew
We'd fall in love in that elevator.

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SIGNED, SEALED, DELIVERED I'M YOURS

(As recorded by Peter Frampton)

LULA MAE HARDAWAY
LEE GARRETT
STEVIE WONDER
SYREETA WRIGHT

Like a fool I went and stayed too long
Now I'm wonderin' if your love's still strong
Oo baby here I am
Signed, sealed, delivered I'm yours.

Then that time I went and said goodbye
Now I'm back and not ashamed to cry
Oo baby here I am
Signed, sealed, delivered I'm yours.

Here I am baby
You got my future in your hand
Here I am baby
You got my future in your hand.

I've done a lot of foolish things
A that I really didn't mean
Hey hey baby didn't I oh baby.

Seen a lot of things in this old world
When I touched them they did nothing girl
Oo baby here I am
Signed, sealed, delivered I'm yours, I'm yours.

Oo wee baby you set my soul on fire
That's why I know you're my one and only desire oo baby
Here I am signed, sealed, delivered I'm yours.

I could be a broken man
But here I am with your future, got your future
Here I am baby, here I am baby.

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ANOTHER STAR

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder)

STEVIE WONDER

La la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la
For you there might be a brighter star
But through my eyes the light of you is all I see
For you there might be another song
But all my heart can hear is your melody
So long ago my heart without demanding
Informed me that no other love could do
But listen did I not though understanding
Fell in love with one who would break my heart in two oh
For you love might bring a toast of wine
But with each sparkle know the best for you I pray
Oh for you love might be for you to find
But I will celebrate our love of yesterday
So long ago my heart without demanding
Informed me that no other love could do
But listen did I not though understanding
I fell in love with one who would break my heart in two oh oh oh
For you there might be another star
But through my eyes the light of you is all I see
Oh for you there might be another song
But in my heart your melody will stay with me
La la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la.

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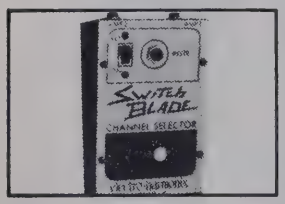

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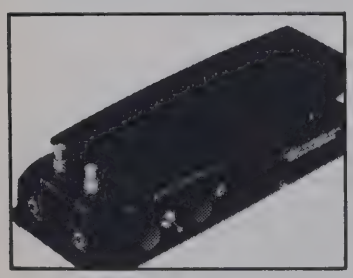
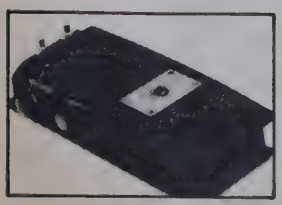


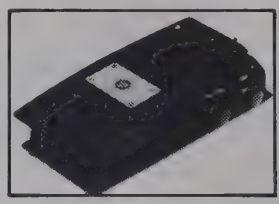
THE QUEEN TRIGGERED WAH IS THE SUPREME ALL-FUNCTION WAH

Resonance control adjusts the wah from razor sharp to ultra-mellow. Low Pass or Band Pass outputs give a choice of the standard wah or a fuller tone sweep with trailing low frequency responses. Built-in Envelope Follower triggers automatic filter sweeps for today's popular synthesizer effects, which can be overlaid at the same time on a range of wah effects with complete versatility. Bass and Treble Boost controls provide for pumping lows and/or fine-pointed highs. Adjustable Q, Range, and Filters, as well as Trigger, give sounds from Tape Reverse Simulation to Hendrix to Shaft and beyond. Because of its unconventional voltage controlled filter design, the QUEEN has the low noise and smoothness of a light-operated pedal without its fragility or heavy power consumption. The QUEEN TRIGGERED WAH is fantastic with bass and keyboard as well as guitar
13" x 6" x 3¾"



A FUZZ WAH VOLUME PEDAL

The MUFF FUZZ CRYING TONE WAH WAH Pedal combines two of the most useful and popular guitar effects, fuzz and wah, with one of the most useful control functions, the volume pedal. This highly efficient unit is the offspring of the Big Daddy of fuzz tones, the BIG MUFF PI, and the durable dual function wah, the CRYING TONE pedal. Its capabilities include fuzz tone alone, wah alone, fuzz and wah combined, and any of these combined with volume control
13" x 6" x 3¾"



THE STURDIEST WAH IN THE BUSINESS

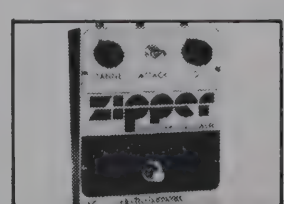
The CRYING TONE WAH WAH Pedal has many of the features players have been looking for...a 4-position Tone Bank that gives the player four ranges of the tone spectrum to sweep through as well as four different attacks; a Reverse switch so the player can sweep the frequencies in either direction, giving him an "aawaaw" as well as a "wahwah" effect; a Mode switch which deactivates the wah wah effect and converts it into a volume control pedal; and a greater sweep in the foot pedal itself, so the player really can get that "crying" tone or make his axe talk, the way Jimi Hendrix did. As a capper, this pedal with its sealed pots and metal bridges over pot shafts is the most ruggedly-built pedal of its kind—bar none!
13" x 6" x 3¾"

SMALL STONE THE STATE OF THE ART PHASE SHIFTER

The most advanced Mini-Phaser available anywhere! Exclusive "Color" switch transforms the mellow, rolling, full-bodied milky phasing to the sweeping swooshy phasing made famous on early Jimi Hendrix recordings, and previously only available on special studio equipment. Rate dial sets the speed of the shift, from a slow swelling to vibrant warble. The SMALL STONE is highly efficient, having the lowest battery power drain of any popular phaser. Also it's AC/DC. Plug a 9V battery eliminator into the back and you run on AC only. Low noise, high quality, and fantastic effects make this a necessary addition to any guitar or keyboard. 5¼" x 3⅜" x 2¼" x 1½"

FOR UNEQUALLED PHASER VERSATILITY

The BAD STONE Phase Shifter provides the professional musician with unequalled phaser versatility. Extra stages of phase shift plus a continuously variable Feedback control give your axe or voice a light touch of color, a pounding swoosh, or any sound in between. The Rate control will take you all the way from slow chorus rotation through vibrato into spacey ring modulation. The BAD STONE'S exclusive Manual Shift allows you to stop the sweep at any point for a whole range of new tone colors. You can sweep the phase shift in rhythm with your playing or for special accents or by foot with the HOT FOOT Universal Pedal. OR, Get the BAD STONE Phase Shifter Pedal model—all the features of the BAD STONE floor unit plus built-in foot-controlled phasing. Our heavy-duty pedal design places the Bypass and Auto-Manual footswitches forward of the pedal so as to avoid accidental switching during a hot solo. As an extra feature, the BAD STONE Pedal incorporates a Color switch for a choice of standard phasing or pitch-modulated vibrato. BAD STONE Box and Pedal both AC/DC
BAD STONE Box 6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1 5/16"
BAD STONE Pedal 13" x 6" x 3¾"



ZIPPER: THE ULTIMATE ENVELOPE FOLLOWER

When it comes to synthesizer effects for guitar, the ZIPPER has it all...easily adjustable harmonic range and intensity...an LP-BP control switch to provide equalization...PLUS our unique Filter Form/Attack control with two fantastic and different contours, a sweep from low to high with a moderately fast return, or, for a real whipping synthesizer effect, a sweep from low to high, but snapping quickly back. The ZIPPER is especially refined because its wide range of effects are completely flexible and easily varied. This is possible because we have included the functional controls that are found in the envelope follower modules of expensive keyboard synthesizers, while maintaining the famous Electro-Harmonix quality and low price. The ZIPPER will also give your bass or clavinet these fantastic synthesizer sounds. AC/DC
6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1 5/16"

electro-harmonix

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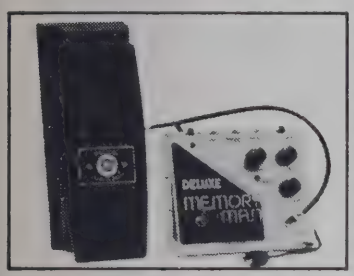


PUT ANY KNOB UNDER FOOT CONTROL

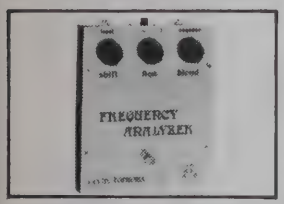
HOT FOOT Universal Pedal can turn any accessory, made by any manufacturer, into a foot pedal. How does it work? Simple. Just pull off the knob of the control you want to work with your foot and attach the screw at the end of HOT FOOT's flexible shaft and presto! you've got another effect under foot control! It's a simple invention, but brilliant. There are no electronics to worry about. No matter what new types of sound effects are created in the future, HOT FOOT will never become obsolete! Also comes in a HOT FOOT Universal PAN Pedal model, for special effects using two amplifiers or accessories

13" x 6" x 3¾

WELL DONE, DOCTOR Q

DOCTOR Q is the most economical yet high-quality Envelope Follower available on the market today. Effects ranging from involuted mellow funk lines to slashing thin chops can be instantaneously and sensitively controlled through the player's use of attack and decay dynamics. The range of the filter can be preset. And as an added feature, the bass switch can be used to add a rich bass equalization without losing the thin, whipping Envelope Follower sound on top. This makes the unit excellent for getting potent new sounds from the electric bass, as well as guitar and clavinet

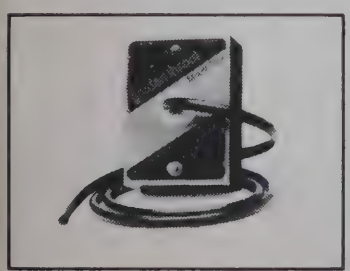
5¼" x 3⅜" x 2¼" x 1½"



STRETCH YOUR GUITAR NECK UP TO 19 FEET!

Try the effect that musicians in Europe like Kraftwerk are using. The FREQUENCY ANALYZER can compress the neck of a guitar down to two feet or stretch it up to nineteen feet. This highest-quality Ring Modulator available is a brilliant accessory for all brass and woodwind instruments. Blow horn through the FREQUENCY ANALYZER and out come three different horns in moving harmonies. Shift the frequencies of drums, cymbals, and hi-hats. Play any note on any piano, for example a C, and out comes a D, E, B, or any note or fractional in-between note, according to the setting on the dials. Blend your regular signal with the new shifted notes. Filter control allows you to sort out high frequency components. Set any harmonic multiple desired for an *avant-garde* sound

6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1 5/16"



GOLDEN THROAT WILL LET YOU SING YOUR AXE OFF

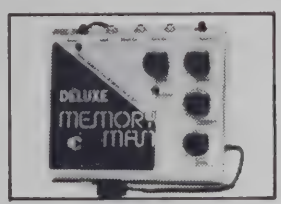
This top-of-the-line mouth tube and filter enables a musician to make the unique sound recently popularized by Peter Frampton and also used by Stevie Wonder, Jeff Beck, Steely Dan, and Joe Walsh. Your mouth becomes an extension of your guitar, as the guitar music feeds up into and is controlled by the movements of your jaw, tongue, and lips. Wah, fuzz, tremolo, phasing, and many other effects are possible. GOLDEN THROAT is more powerful than the competition, with a 100 Watt driver and a red light overload indicator. Its sharp but meaty sound can be produced with any strength amplifier.

6¾" x 5" x 3¼"; TUBE—6' x ¼"

The Electric Mistress FLANGER

is like hundreds of phase shifters operating simultaneously. A complex matrix of fine comb filters gently sweeps the sound spectrum so you can produce effects identical to multiple tape machines or digital delay flanging as well as a prismatic spectrum of absolutely fascinating and ethereal sounds. The Filter Matrix mode allows you to disengage the automatic sweep and manually move the filter bank to any desired position. The ELECTRIC MISTRESS Flanger can be used with any amplified instrument or voice. Comes with AC adapter. Made on Earth for rising stars

6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1 5/16"



OUR GREAT NEW ECHO/ANALOG DELAY LINE

Until now, all echo and reverb effects relied on moving parts—springs, tape loops, and other mechanical gear that could wear out or break right in the middle of your act. Delay effects depended on digital delay lines that were fine for the studio but too expensive and bulky for on-stage use. Now our engineers have put all of these key effects into one durable, reasonably-priced footswitch unit through the development of state-of-the-art hybrid techniques.

Presenting MEMORY MAN DELUXE. Discriminating musicians welcome the superb totally-electronic echo unit you've been waiting for. Number one in features and performance. Slapback stage echo...repeating arpeggios...delayed split stereo..."bathtub" reverb...controlled feedback...vocal doubling—a range of effects effortlessly achieved that is truly astounding!

Clean, noise-free operation with distortion under 1%, a signal-to-noise ratio of 60db, and a built-in SILENCER® Noise Gate.

Unlike competitive solid state echo units, MEMORY MAN DELUXE does not decrease its bandwidth as Delay is increased. The result? Crisp, razor-sharp highs at any echo setting for the professional performing musician.

- Wide range of Delay: 15 msec—.4 sec.
- Wide frequency response: 10 Hz—100 kHz (Direct), 10 Hz – 3KhZ (Echo), ± 3db
- Infinite echo Repeats with minimum signal degradation
- Variable gain level control and overload indicator
- Dual outputs
- AC operation with power switch and indicator

Combines with other effects for a smashing echoing flange, echo-wah, or echo-fuzz. Attractively packaged in a nickel-plated steel chassis with heavy duty line cord

8" x 6¾" x 6" x 1½"

YOU CAN SOUND LIKE ERIC CLAPTON & JACK BRUCE PLAYING AT THE SAME TIME!!!

Now synthesize a note one octave below the one you're playing. The OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER literally allows you to convert any standard electric guitar into an electric bass—making possible lightning fast bass runs. An unbelievable extension for horns and trumpets. It explodes the tonal capabilities of these instruments into the range of the bass and baritone horns. Five filters allow the user to shape the harmonic content of the new note from fuzz bass to a pure deep organ bass. The OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER is fantastic on voice too; it makes any singer sound like Ike Turner. The floor unit contains all the basic controls of the pedal in a compact modular form. The pedal gives the musician continuous foot-controlled blending of his notes and the octave-synthesized notes, for ultimate flexibility. This allows the playing of guitar/bass duets and answering bass runs

OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER Box—6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1 5/16"

OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER Pedal—13" x 6" x 3¾"

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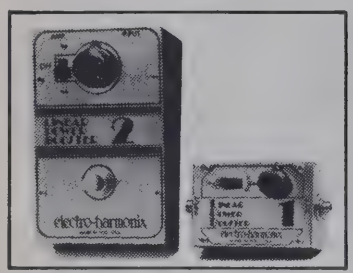


CONVERT YOUR AMP INTO A STACK OF AMPS

The LINEAR POWER BOOSTERS 1 & 2 can increase the output of any electric instrument such as guitar, bass, organ or microphone. Since all amplifiers are overdesigned to more than handle the most powerful pick-ups, the LINEAR POWER BOOSTERS will let you derive optimum results from your amplifier. And it's much cheaper than buying a high-output pick-up. • Maximum setting of the volume control of one unit can make your amplifier TEN TIMES LOUDER! • The switch allows instant change from regular instrument output to pre-set boosted output. • Increases guitar sustain. • Vastly increases the performance of all distortion devices, wah wah pedals, and other accessories. • Using two LINEAR POWER BOOSTERS will give you even more sustain. Turning up the volume level of the first one past the halfway point will shift the second one into overdrive. Using the first LINEAR POWER BOOSTER's control, you can now develop the initial bare hint of harmonic distortion to any desired degree. The second LINEAR POWER BOOSTER can control the volume of the combination. • Two models: LINEAR POWER BOOSTER-1, with a double male plug, will fit into into amp or instrument! LINEAR POWER BOOSTER-2 does the same dynamite job down on the floor.

LINEAR POWER BOOSTER-1—3" x 2" x 1⅛"
LINEAR POWER BOOSTER-2—5¼" x 3⅜" x 2¼" x 1½"

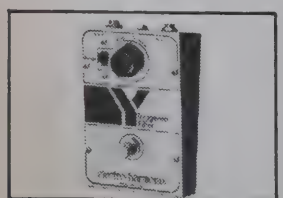
TURN YOUR LES PAUL INTO A FENDER STRAT

The ATTACK EQUALIZER allows a guitar player to convert his Les Paul guitar into a Fender. It has a specially tuned 12-stage active filter that lets the guitar player select the fundamentals he wants, mix in and out the mid-range, and blend in a key range of 5000 cps high-Q bite frequencies, emphasizing the edge made when his pick plucks the strings—things that can't be done with a standard equalizer. Has fundamental, blend, and attack controls.

6¾" x 5½" x 2¼"

PUT SWAMP IN YOUR BASS

The MOLE and HOG'S FOOT Bass Boosters cut the highs and amplify the subharmonics, giving your instrument the depth, authority and heavy penetration of the foot pedals of a church pipe organ. The MOLE or HOG'S FOOT will give your axe or amplifier that thick, swamp-bottom blues sound of the Fender jazz bass used in conjunction with the old Ampeg B-15. MOLE—3" x 2" x 1⅛" HOG'S FOOT—5¼" x 3⅜" x 2¼" x 1½"



POLYPHONIC SYNTHESIZER EFFECTS FOR KEYBOARD

The Y-TRIGGERED FILTER allows all musicians triggered filter sweep effects previously unobtainable. This unit can be used with any amplified instrument, and is particularly adaptable to keyboard, giving any keyboard—electric piano, organ, clavinet, even amplified upright or grand piano—the kind of sound obtainable only on a polyphonic synthesizer. Any combination of notes and chords can be played. The control knob can be set so that the unit delivers either an upward or downward filter sweep. The Y-TRIGGER produces these same dramatic polyphonic synthesizer effects on electric guitar as well.

5¼" x 3⅜" x 2¼" x 1½"

TASTE AND FEEL EACH NOTE

The SCREAMING BIRD and SCREAMING TREE are treble boosters that will give your instrument that razor sharp edge that can cut through when you're playing live. The high end of your sound spectrum will sparkle, as you can taste and feel each note.

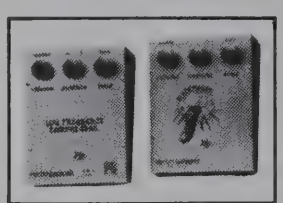
BIRD—3" x 2" x 1⅛"
TREE—5¼" x 3⅜" x 2¼" x 1½"

TRY HENDRIX' SWEET SUSTAIN

Jimi Hendrix relied on the BIG MUFF PI for his smooth, mellow, supple electric-lady sound. Now Santana uses this finest distortion device, high on sustain and low on distortion. Whole chords can be played with minimum distortion. It is designed for the guitarist who wants his axe to sing like a hummingbird with a sweet violin-like sustaining sound. The sustain control allows the player to optimize long sustain with a hint of harmonic distortion. The tone control allows you to control the harmonic content, from a sweet silvery liquid to razor sharp. AC/DC. 6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1⁹/₁₆"

THE LITTLE BIG MUFF PI is a compact version of the famous Big Muff Pi favored by Jimi Hendrix and Carlos Santana. Preset maximum sustain. AC/DC. 5¼" x 3⅜ x 2¼" x 1½"

MUFF FUZZ—This funkiest distortion device will give the player that dirty sound which cannot be gotten from today's popular solid state amps. It gives the player that natural distortion of tube-amps used by the Rhythm 'n Blues bands of yesteryear. And now it comes with a double male plug that lets you plug into amp or instrument. 3" x 2" x 1⅛"



DISTORTION FREE COMPRESSOR/SUSTAINERS

BLACK FINGER distortion-free guitar Compressor/Sustainer is a 60 db compressor that gives a pure, completely controlled long, long sustain with NO distortion. It sustains whole chords as well as single notes, without any muddiness. Any sustained tone can be cut in or out instantaneously by means of the foot switch. And when the player feels like adding a little flash to his act, the BLACK FINGER's extreme sensitivity makes fast, loud, one-handed playing easy. The guitar will respond instantaneously to the player's touch. Different settings on the tone and sustain dials give you a variety of natural overtones from opaque to translucent. 6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1⁹/₁₆"

The LOW FREQUENCY COMPRESSOR is a sister accessory to the Black Finger. It gives the bass player that same clean, ultra-long sustain and rich organ-like tone, even at low volume levels. The tone control, engineered specifically with the bassist in mind, has bass running all through it. The volume control can be preset for a wide range of boost or cut, while adjustment of the sustain control provides the exact amount of compression desired. 6¾" x 5½" x 2¼" x 1⁹/₁₆"

MIXXXXX

The 5X JUNCTION MIXER is designed as an input-output mixer and accessory blender. Four mikes or instruments can be attached as inputs to obtain one output. As input mixer, 4 mikes or instruments can be attached as inputs to obtain one output. As output mixer, amps connected to external speaker combinations can go directly to the 5X with up to four external speaker cabinets being connected to one 5X. This eliminates sloppy wire hookups and decreases set-up time. As accessory blender, instrument signal can go directly to the 5X. Up to four different accessories can be joined with another 5X, with one line then going to the amp. This facility allows the blending of any combination of distortion devices, wah wah pedals, echo effects, etc. An infinite number of connecting problems can be solved with this very functional accessory. 3" x 2" x 1⅛"

I'M DREAMING

(As recorded by Jennifer Warnes)

RICHARD KERR
GARY OSBORNE

Watching all the fishing boats coming
Lying back in the warm soft sand
Seeing you with the sun in your eyes
Looking 'round with the wind in my hair
Easing down without a care
Touching you under sweet summer skies
There's a place I can go to any time
I feel myself unwind when I step inside my mind.

I'm dreaming of a time beyond today
When you turn to me and say you'll always feel this way
I'm dreaming of a sun that never sets
Of a life without regrets
In a world that lets its lover's dreams come true.
Taking time to talk to each other
Finding out who we really are
Being happy being here with you
Feeling sure that the feeling will last
Even when this dream is past
We will see our love come shining thru
And if fate should decide to change our plans
Wherever we may go I just want you to know.
(Repeat chorus)

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(From The Columbia Motion Picture "The Greatest" A Columbia-EMI Presentation) THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL

(As recorded by George Benson)

LINDA CREED
MICHAEL MASSER

I believe the children are the future
Teach them well and let them lead the way
Show them all the beauty they possess inside
Give them a sense of pride, to make it easier
Let the children's laughter remind us how we used to be
Ev'rybody's searching for a hero, people need someone to look up to
I never found anyone who fulfilled that need
A lonely place to be, so I learned to depend on me
I decided long ago never to walk in anyone's shadow
If I fail, if I succeed, at least I lived as I believe
And no matter what they take from me
They can't take away my dignity
Because the greatest love of all is happening to me
I found the greatest love of all inside of me
The greatest love of all is easy to achieve
Learning to love yourself is the greatest love of all.

And if by chance that special place that you've been dreaming of
Leads you to a lonely place
Find your strength in love.

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SO YOU WIN AGAIN

(As recorded by Hot Chocolate)

RUSS BALLARD

Just to admit one mistake
That can be hard to take
I know we've made them fall
But only fools come back for more
Being the fool I am, I figured in all your plans, darling
Your perfumed letters didn't say that you'd be leaving any day.

So you win again, you win again
Here I stand again, the loser
And just for fun you took my love and run, but love had just begun
I can't refuse her
But now I know that I'm the fool who won your love to lose it all
When you come back, you win again.
And I'm not proud to say I let love slip away
Now I'm the one who's crying
I'm a fool there's no denying
When will my heartache end?
Will my whole life depend on fading memories?
You took the game this time with ease.
(Repeat chorus)

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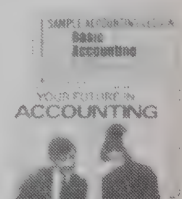
"The course has enabled me to accept greater responsibility on my job. I've recommended it to my friends." — Martha Wyckoff, Trenton, N.J. (3/27/75)



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SHE DID IT

(As recorded by Eric Carmen)

ERIC CARMEN

I set to sea on a ship called "Emptiness"
Cast away on the Island of Loneliness, lookin' for love
Ooh and I was lookin' for love
You know I, I didn't think she could hear my SOS
But she appeared like an angel of tenderness sent from above
Oh she was bringin' me love.

Oh mama she did it
Ooh mama she did it yeah
Ooh she did it
Ooh mama she did it yeah.

Lookin' back, makin' love was meaningless
Till she touched me with her warmth and a gentleness I'd never known
Ooh and she was guidin' me home
Now I, now I see all the things in life I missed
Till she opened up my eyes to the limitless wonder of love
Oh now I'm ready for love.

Oh mama she did it
Ooh mama she did it yeah
Ooh she did it
Ooh mama she did it yeah.

Never knew what love was about till she came and stole away my heart
Now I'm alive and I know it and all I ever wanna do is show it
Oh, oh yeah oh mama she did it.

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CAT SCRATCH FEVER

(As recorded by Ted Nugent)

TED NUGENT

Well I don't know where they come from
But they sure do come
I hope they comin' for me
And I don't know how they do it
But they sure do it good
I hope they doin' it for free.
They give me cat scratch fever
Cat scratch fever.

The first time that I got it
I was just ten years old
I got it from some kitty next door
I went and see the Dr. and he gave me the cure
I think I got it some more.
They give me cat scratch fever
Cat scratch fever.

It's nothin' dangerous
I feel no pain
I've got to ch-ch-change
You know you got it when you're goin' insane
It makes a grown man cryin', cryin'
Won't you make my bed.
I make the pussy purr with
The stroke of my hand
They know they gettin' it from me
They know just where to go
When they need their lovin' man
They know I do it for free.

They give me cat scratch fever
Cat scratch fever.

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SURFIN' U.S.A.

(As recorded by Leif Garrett)

BRIAN WILSON
CHUCK BERRY

If ev'rybody had an ocean across the U.S.A.
Then ev'rybody'd be surfin' like California
You'd see them wearin' their baggies, huarachi sandals too
A bushy, bushy blonde hairdo
Surfin' U.S.A.
You'll catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar, Ventura County Line
Santa Cruz and Tressels, Australia's Narabine
All over Manhattan and down Doheny Way
Ev'rybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' U.S.A.

We'll all be plannin' out a route we're gonna take real soon
We're waxin' down our surfboards we can't wait for June
We'll all be gone for the summer, we're on safari to stay
Tell the teacher we're surfin'
Surfin' U.S.A.
At Haggarty's and Swami's Pacific Palisades
San Onofre and Sunset, Redondo Beach, L.A.
All over La Jolla, at Waiamea Bay
Ev'rybody's gone surfin'
Surfin' U.S.A.

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EVERLASTING LOVE

(As recorded by Rufus featuring Chaka Khan)

KEVIN MURPHY
DAVID WOLINSKI
DENNIS BELFIELD

When I feel you dreamin'
I think of sunsets
How high and my high gets
Gonna give you an everlasting love
I'm gonna fill your life with a satisfying love
All you need is an everlasting love
All you want is a satisfying love.
Summer breezes moonlight teases
Friendly invasions
Late night persuasions
I wanna give you an everlasting love
I'm gonna fill your life with a satisfying love

All you need is an everlasting love
All you want is a mystifying love.

Each time you pass me by
You slowly fade away
I need you more each day
I wanna give you an everlasting love
I'm gonna fill your life with a satisfying love
All you need is an everlasting love
All you want is a mystifying love.

I wanna give you an everlasting love
I'm gonna fill your life with a satisfying love
All you need is an everlasting love
All you need is an everlasting love
All you want is a mystifying love.

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LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY HEART

(As recorded by Marilyn McCoo and Billy Davis, Jr.)

TERRI McFADDEN
JOHN FOOTMAN
FRANK WILSON

Something is tearing deep down inside
Trying to fight it is like swimming against the tide
Now my words get all turned on
And I'm walking into doors
Like a bird I want to fly into your arms
Hey take me I'm yours darlin'.
Look what you've done to my heart
You've captured my love from the start
darlin'
Look what you've done to my heart
It's heaven to be in your arms.
Now that I've found you
It's too good to be true
My ev'ry desire is all wrapped up in you
Yes my passion could burn you
I'd be much too hot to hold
'Cause your love is more than I can handle
It lost control darlin'.

(Repeat chorus)

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THE RIGHT FEELING AT THE WRONG TIME

(As recorded by Hot)

BARBARA WYRICK
KEVIN LAMB

This just might be
The hardest thing I'll ever have to do
As much as I want you
And believe me I want you, I really do
Oh maybe I could let you stay if she wasn't my friend
Believe me it's not easy sendin' you back to her again.

'Cause we've got the right feeling at the wrong time
And love just doesn't justify the chance we'd be takin'
We've got the right feeling at the wrong time
Can't you see the mistake we'd be makin'
Oh baby, baby, baby, baby.

If you stay a moment longer
I can't trust myself to let you go
If you stay a moment longer
Or touch me again, I wont be in control
Oh baby I'm just tryin' to do the only right thing
But how can we find happiness through someone else's pain.

'Cause we've got the right feeling at the wrong time
And love just doesn't justify the chance we'd be takin'
We've got the right feeling at the wrong time
Can't you see the mistake we'd be makin'
Oh baby, baby, baby, baby.

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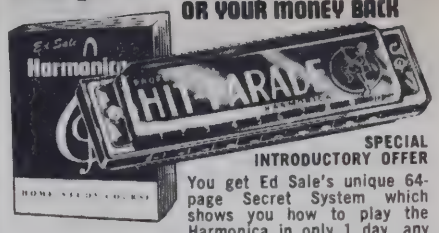

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FANTASY IS REALITY

(As recorded by Parliament)

G. CLINTON
B. WORRELL
L. WARE

Fantasy is reality in the world today
I'll keep hangin' in there
That's the only way
Recollections of what grand daddy used to say
Keeps me hangin' in there
That's the only way.

My mind is mine and mine
My mind will always stay
No way of life, no man made law's gonna take it away
I've seen the light
I've tasted the blood of his soul
It tells me to carry on
And it tells me to come on home.

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BRICK HOUSE

(As recorded by Commodores)

LIONEL RICHIE
RONDAL LaPREAD
WALTER ORANGE
MILAN WILLIAMS
THOMAS McCLARY
WILLIAM KING

Oh she's a brick house
She's mighty, mighty
Just lettin' it all hang out
Ah she's a brick house
Ah that lady's stacked and that's a fact
Ain't holdin' nothin' back
Oh she's a brick house.

Well we're together everybody knows
This is how the story goes
She knows she's got everything
That a woman needs to get a man
Yeah yeah how could she lose with the stuff she use?
Thirty six, twenty four, thirty six
Oh what a winning hand.

'Cause she's a brick house
She's mighty, mighty
Just lettin' it all hang out
Oh she's a brick house
Oh that lady's stacked and that's a fact
Ain't holdin' nothin' back
Oh she's a brick house.

Yeah she's the one, the only one
Built like an amazon
The clothes she wear her sexy ways
Make an old man wish for younger days yeah
She knows she's built and knows how to please
Sho' 'nuff can knock a strong man to his knees.

'Cause she's a brick house
She's mighty, mighty
Just lettin' it all hang out
Oh she's a brick house
Oh that lady's stacked and that's a fact
Ain't holdin' nothin' back oh
Shook-a dow, shook-a dow dow
Shook-a dow, shook-a dow dow.

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LITTLE DARLING (I Need You)

(As recorded by The Doobie Brothers)

EDDIE HOLLAND
LAMONT DOZIER
BRIAN HOLLAND

It's so hard loving you
But I don't wanna let you go.

Little darlin' I need you
Little darlin' I love you
Little darlin' I want you
Little darlin' got to have you.

And if it means giving up my pride
I'm willing to give it up, give it up
There's always one who loves more than the other
I don't mind, I don't mind
I'm willing to pay the price
Have your love at any sacrifice.

Little darlin' I need you
Little darlin' I love you
Little darlin' I want you
Little darlin' got to have you.

I know there's two or three in your life you like as well as me
So if I should be your number one fool before you care, care about me
And I'm willing to pay the price
Be your number one fool, make that sacrifice.

Only my pillow knows how many tears I've cried baby
Only my heart knows the awful hurt I feel inside baby
My life is so lonely, waiting for you to love me only
Now I'm willing to pay the price, be your number one fool at any sacrifice.

Little darlin' I need you
Little darlin' I love you
Little darlin' I want you
Little darlin' got to have you.

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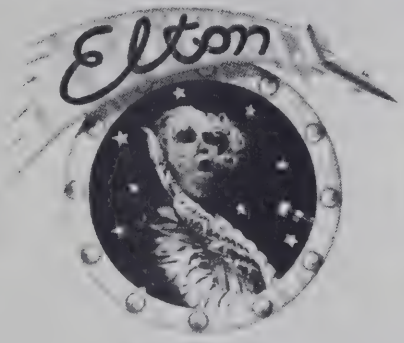

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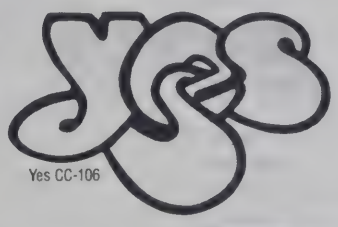

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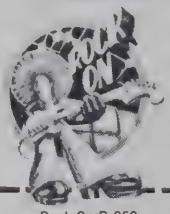

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JUNGLE LOVE

(As recorded by The Steve Miller Band)

LONNIE TURNER
GREG DOUGLAS

I met you on somebody's island
You thought you had known me before
I brought you a crate of papaya
They waited all night by your door
You probably wouldn't remember
I probably couldn't forget jungle love in the surf in the pouring rain
Ev'rything's better when wet.

Jungle love
It's driving me mad
It's making me crazy
Jungle love
It's driving me mad
It's making me crazy.

But lately, you live in the jungle
I never see you alone
But we need some definite answers
So I thought I would write you a poem
The question to ev'ryone's answer is usually asked from within
But the patterns of the rain and the truth they contain
They have written my life on your skin.
(Repeat chorus)

You treat me like I was your ocean
You swim in my blood when it's warm
My cycles of circular motion protect you and keep you from harm

You live in a world of illusion where ev'rything's peaches and cream
We all face a scarlet conclusion
But we spend our time in a dream.

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WE NEVER DANCED TO A LOVE SONG

(As recorded by Manhattans)

GERALD ALSTON
EDWARD BIVINS

Come on baby
Let's sit down
We've been dancing all night long
Come on baby get close to me
We never danced to a love song
Disco music is fine sometimes
I wanna dance to a love song
I love music no matter what the style
Ooh I wanna get close to you baby
For just a little while
Come on, come on ooh

The party's almost over
Ooh it won't be long
I wanna dance to a love song
Cut the lights down low
Ooh it's almost time to go
I wanna dance to a love song
What a lovely way ooh
What a lovely way to end the night
When I hold, when I hold my baby ever so tight ooh.
Please mister d.j.
Slow the music down
I wanna dance to a love song
I wanna feel
I wanna feel your body next to mine
I wanna dance to a love song.

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JUST REMEMBER I LOVE YOU

(As recorded by Firefall)

RICK ROBERTS

When it all goes crazy and the thrill is gone
When the days get rainy and the nights get long
When you get that feelin' you were born to lose
Starin' at your ceiling feelin' the blues.

When there's so much trouble that you want to cry
When your love has crumbled and you don't know why
When your hopes are fading and they can't be found
Dreams have left you waiting friends let you down.

Well just remember I love you
And it'll be all right
Just remember I love you
All that I can say just remember I love you

Maybe all your blues will fade away.

When you need a lover and you're down so low
And you start to wonder but you never know
When it seems like sorrow is your only friend
Knowing that tomorrow you'll feel this way again.

When the blues come cryin' at the break of dawn
When the rain keeps fallin' but the rainbow's gone
When you feel like cryin' but the tears won't come
Then your dreams are dyin' when you're on the run.

Just remember I love you
And it'll be all right
Just remember I love you
All that I can say just remember I love you
Maybe all your blues will wash away.

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Now! Amazing "Pill-In-A-Plan" Actually LIQUIFIES AWAY Pounds...

TURNS UGLY FAT INTO HARMLESS WATER

And FLOWS It Right Out Of Your Body—FOREVER!

It's true! Now — without risking a single penny — IN ONE WEEKEND you lose up to 6 pounds of ugly fat and fluid! IN 14 SHORT DAYS — up to 12 pounds of excess weight **flows** right out of your thighs, hips, stomach, shoulders, face and neck — yes, all over your body! IN EXACTLY THOSE SAME 2 ASTOUNDING WEEKS — inches of flab that you can actually feel and measure — gallop right off your waistline!

But this is just the beginning! Because then — thanks to this amazing ACTIVE reducing agent that actually helps your body **oxidize** fat . . . **burn** it up . . . **liquify** fat and flow it right out of your life by automatically and almost instantly WATER-LOCKING ravenous hunger pangs right out of your body — you will effortlessly eat less and go on to lose 20 . . . 30 . . . 40 pounds of ugly fat from every corner of your body — AND **KEEP** THAT FAT OFF YOUR BODY — FOREVER!

Yes! And best of all, as long as you faithfully and happily follow this road, you will accomplish all this without starvation diets, without a single ravenously hungry moment, without even giving up reasonable and enjoyable portions of the foods you love!

Of course it sounds too good to be true! But the principles behind this thrilling PERMANENT REDUCING PLAN have been confirmed by doctors all over the world. And now the very same method reported in medical journal after medical journal — is released to you through this announcement — to help you get rid of ugly excess fat faster, easier, and safer than you have ever dreamed possible!

You MUST be happy with the fantastic results — OR IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY! You have nothing to lose but ugly fat. Read these thrilling facts! Prove it yourself — in 14 astounding days — OR PAY NOTHING!

Stop Punishing Yourself! Here's Why Those Pounds Never Stayed Off!

Let's start this way. You probably tried time and again to accomplish the job of reducing — BY YOURSELF! You spent week after week of torture. You pushed away the foods you love. And finally, if you could bear the punishment, you squeezed off 3, 5, or even 10 stubborn pounds.

And then your willpower snapped! You stopped your brutal diet. Your fat dripped back — **heavier, and uglier, and more dangerous than ever before!**

AN ENTIRELY NEW KIND OF REDUCING AGENT WAS NEEDED BY YOU! An ACTIVE agent that would help conquer ugly fat at its source — **OVEREATING!** What simply had to be found was a **Natural** ingredient that would help YOUR BODY'S OWN **NATURAL** PROCESSES burn up and **liquify** that fat — quickly, easily, and safely. A Natural ingredient synthesized and automatically tied to a Permanent Plan that would once and forever hurdle the Final Two Barriers to Lifetime Slimness: firstly, by **shielding** the human body against the root cause of your present fat buildup — OVEREATING — and secondly, by LOCKING OUT **future** fat buildup — THE **RETURN** OF THAT RUNAWAY APPETITE — for the rest of your entire adult life! Actually keep those 20 . . . 30 . . . 40 pounds of extra fat from ever piling up on your body again — **EVER!**

Now! Nature Succeeds Where You Have Always Failed!

Researchers hunted for such a reducing agent for years. Then it was found — innocently hiding in the cell walls of ALL PRECIOUS PLANT LIFE! An amazing Natural ingredient called Cellulose — that actually possessed astounding **WATER-BINDING** qualities! Immediately, doctors knew that a **whole new world** had opened up to reducing science. Because here at last was the magic ingredient that would — by automatically eliminating the desire to overeat — inevitably let your body NATURALLY turn ugly fat into harmless water — and then FLOW THAT LIQUID FAT RIGHT OUT OF YOUR BODY! Now for the first time in your life, you could watch inch after inch and pound after pound of fluid fat drip right out of your body like water dripping out of a tap — WITHOUT TORTURE — WITHOUT SLIDING BACK!

Let me explain. Your own doctor will tell you that the fat inside your body is distributed, in massive globs, in FAT STORAGE POCKETS underneath your skin. You can touch these pockets yourself — at your waistline, on your stomach, your thighs, behind your hips, on your shoulders, chest and chin — disfiguring your entire body!

And if you honestly want to reduce all over your body, then you have to attack all of these fat pockets **at the same time!** You have to **drain** the ugly fat out of those pockets . . . into your blood stream . . . so it can be burned up and **LIQUIFIED** inside your body.

And — now — this is exactly what **WATER-BINDING** Cellulose helps your body do! It actually helps **LIQUIFY** that fat every minute of the day. While you sleep. While you eat. While you play. It helps turn that solid fat into liquid inside your body . . . it helps your body melt down ugly fat into harmless water . . . and then it helps flow that water right out of your body — FOREVER!

Think of it! Because of its natural **WATER-BINDING** qualities, this Wonder Worker duplicated from Nature's Plant Garden — when taken with a glass of water just as naturally as washing down your daily vitamin pill with water — actually BINDS AND BLENDS with that water to give your stomach a feeling of almost impossible-to-believe satisfaction! That's why **WATER-BINDING** Cellulose now is used wherever the special need exists to provide overweight men and women with APPETITE SATISFACTION WITHOUT CALORIES . . . wherever the special need exists to CONQUER RUNAWAY HUNGER — FOREVER!

Yes! No wonder **WATER-BINDING** Cellulose is now used by the Diet **Drinks** Industry to add the "feeling" of body to those drinks WITHOUT ADDING CALORIES! By the Diet **Foods** Industry because it binds with the moisture in those foods to give you an incomparable "feeling" of FULLNESS AND SATISFACTION — WITHOUT CALORIES! By the **Bread** Industry because it binds with the moisture in those loaves to increase the "feeling" of volume in those breads — WITHOUT ADDING MORE FATTENING DOUGH — WITHOUT ADDING CALORIES!

Lose Up to 20, 30, Even 40 Pounds — FOREVER!

It's true! Reducing results should be fantastic. You will NOT give up on the foods you love — you will only have that amazing satisfied feeling that lets you **simply and naturally cut down on them.** You will NOT be on a starvation diet — and obviously, you will never experience a single moment of ravenous hunger!

While you are feasting on perfectly reasonable portions of mouth-watering steaks, thick juicy slices of roast beef, potatoes, butter and bread — you should lose inch after inch of fat from your waist, thighs, hips — all over your body! Clothes you had given up on forever, should begin to come out of closets again!

Yes! IN ONE WEEKEND you will lose up to 6 pounds of ugly fat and fluid! IN 14 SHORT DAYS — up to 12 pounds of excess weight **flows** right out of your thighs, hips, stomach, shoulders, face and neck — yes, all over your body! IN EXACTLY THOSE SAME 2 ASTOUNDING WEEKS — inches of flab that you can actually feel and measure — gallop right off your waistline! And then you will go on from there to lose 20 . . . 30 . . . 40 pounds of extra fat from every corner of your body — AND KEEP THAT FAT OFF FOREVER! Because from now on, for as long as you faithfully and happily follow this road, you have an active, natural, fat-fighter automatically tied to a foolproof Lifetime Plan that, together, will actually help keep that ugly fat from forming on your body ever again! Actually keep it off — FOR THE REST OF YOUR ENTIRE ADULT LIFE!

Prove It Yourself For 14 Amazing Days — Entirely At Our Risk!

Yes! Now this same proven PERMANENT REDUCING PLAN is yours to try, in your own home, without risking a penny! It must flow ugly excess fat right out of your body, before your very own eyes, in the first 14 days alone — OR EVERY PENNY OF YOUR PURCHASE PRICE BACK (less postage & handling)!

Remember, this is not guesswork, conjecture, or exaggeration. IT IS REPORTED MEDICAL OPINION! The principles behind thrilling PRP have been praised by doctors in leading medical journals all over the world.

The price is only $6.95 for 75 tablets, or a full two-weeks supply. Or, if you wish, you may order the wonder-working 100-tablet or 150-tablet supply — and save surprising amounts of money! With the same money-back guarantee, of course.

You have nothing to lose — but ugly weight. The first 14 days alone MUST give you the reducing results you have prayed for, for years, or your money back. Mail the No-Risk Coupon, TODAY!

VITAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

Read this notice — clip it out — don't lose it! It probably is the most thrilling vote of confidence for a Reducing Breakthrough that you will ever read!

It reminds you — no, it actually INSISTS — that you do not let your happiness run away with your common-sense! Even though PRP automatically, safely, and easily WATER-LOCKS runaway appetite right out of your life — you must not stop eating at least two nutritious meals a day. That's why you get a beautifully balanced and calorically nutritious Plan with this thrilling product.

Remember. We confidently invite you to discuss PRP "Pill-In-A-Plan" with your very own doctor. See if he doesn't agree that here, at last, is the amazingly foolproof way to turn ugly fat into harmless water — AND FLOW IT RIGHT OUT OF YOUR BODY, FOREVER!

Prove it yourself — in 14 amazing days. Mail the No-Risk Coupon, **now!**

IN 14 SHORT DAYS ALL YOU LOSE IS WEIGHT . . . WEIGHT . . . WEIGHT!

Yes! Read this section carefully. If you are perfectly honest, you will admit to yourself that this simply has to be the most thrilling reducing guarantee you have ever read!

(1): IN ONE WEEKEND — you must lose up to 6 pounds of ugly fat and fluid . . .

(2): IN 14 SHORT DAYS — you must lose up to 12 pounds of excess weight from every part of your body — thighs, hips, stomach, shoulders, face and neck . . .

(3): IN THOSE SAME 2 WEEKS — inches of flab must gallop right off your waistline . . .

— OR you simply return the unused portion of PRP for YOUR FULL PURCHASE PRICE BACK!

Do you **really** want to flow ugly fat right out of your body — forever? Now you have the way to do it. Mail No-Risk Coupon, TODAY!

© 1977 American Consumer Inc., Caroline Rd., Phila. PA 19176

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

PERMANENT REDUCING PLAN, Dept. PRP-139
Caroline Road, Philadelphia, PA 19176

Yes! Please rush me this amazing PRP "Pill-in-a-Plan" to help me flow excess fat right out of my body faster and easier than I ever dreamed possible. I want the offer checked below. If not delighted, I may return it within 14 days for my full purchase price back (except postage & handling).

____(#200) Full **75-Tablet** Supply only $6.95 plus 35¢ postage & handling.
____(#218) Full **100-Tablet** Supply only **$8.95** (Save $1.50) plus 50¢ postage & handling.
____(#226) Full **150-Tablet** Supply only **$11.95** (Save $2.00) plus 65¢ postage & handling.

Amount enclosed $_____. PA residents add 6% sales tax. Check or money order, no CODs please.

CHARGE IT: (check one) Exp. Date_____
☐ BankAmericard/Visa
☐ American Express
☐ Master Charge
BANK NUMBER ___ ___ ___ ___

Credit Card # _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

5563

Div. of American Consumer, Inc.

WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin)

ARETHA FRANKLIN

When I think about you babe, babe
I get all warm inside
When I think about you babe, babe
I have a hard time holding back my pride
I get the same old good, good feelin'
And I get all hot and weak inside
I wanna give you this love that I'm feelin'
Don't let this sweet emotion be denied.

Ooh ooh babe
(Come on babe)
Ooh ooh honey
(Come on babe)
Ooh ooh baby yeah
Ooh babe
And I want this feeling to last forever
Sure want this feeling
I want this feeling to last forever and ever
Ooh ooh babe feeling so good
Ooh ooh babe feeling so good.

When I think about you babe, oh babe
Feel so feel so good oh to me
When I think about you babe (sweet thing)
These good things go on endlessly
See your face all the time
And your sparkling eyes and your winning smile
Keep on doin' me the same way darlin'
Dreams can come true if only for a little while.

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BOOGIE NIGHTS

(As recorded by Heatwave)

ROD TEMPERTON

Boogie nights oh
Boogie nights, boogie nights.

Boogie nights
Ain't no doubt we are here till morning
Boogie nights
Come on now got to get it started.

Dance with the boogie get high
'Cos boogie nights are always the best in town
Got to keep on dancing
Keep on dancing
Got to keep on dancing
Keep on dancing.

(Party night)
Can you show that you know how to do it
(Boogie nights)
Do it, do it
Party night
Settle down with the sound of the music
(Boogie nights)
Music, music.

Boogie nights
Get that groove let it take you higher
Boogie nights
Make it move set this place on fire.

Boogie nights
Feel so right when you got the feeling
Boogie nights
Hold you tight got to keep on dealing.

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I BELIEVE YOU

(As recorded by Dorothy Moore)

D. ADDRISI
D. ADDRISI

Oo woo oo woo I believe you.

I believe you when you say that you will reach into the sky
And steal a star so you can put it on my finger
I believe you
Oo woo baby I believe you.

I believe you when you tell me ev'ry time that we make love will be the first time we've made love
And ev'ry act of love will please you
Oo woo baby I believe you.

Blind faith makes me follow you
I'd live in a cave if you wanted to
Just ask me and I'll marry you
You don't have to sell me
Cause you overwhelm me
I've made up my mind
For a life time.

I believe you when you say you'll fill my body with your soul
And love will grow into a brown-eyed little girl who looks like we do
Oo woo baby I believe you.
(Repeat chorus)

I believe you when you swear your love will keep on growin' strong
And that forever isn't long enough to love me like you need to
Oo woo baby I believe you
Oo woo baby I believe you
Oo woo honey I love you.

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HURRY SUNDOWN

(As recorded by Outlaws)

HUGHIE THOMASSON

Gypsies danced around the campfires
And shook their tambourines
They were waitin' for the ghost of an outlaw
Sundown was his name
As the midnight hour grew closer and the sky began to fall
You could see his shadow in the light of the moon
He had heard the gypsy's call.

Silver devils in his holsters
He had stars strapped to his heels
There was fire in his eyes
They say that he was dressed to kill
He had hands as fast as lightning and a heart as cold as steel
He had come for the one who took her life to lie him in Boot Hill.

Ooh hurry Sundown
Ooh hurry Sundown
Ooh hurry Sundown
Hurry Sundown.

She had hair as black as darkness
And her eyes were emerald green
Oh her voice was soft and tender
And ooh she loved to sing
She will sing no more or dance again
And shake her tambourine
They have taken her away
She is dead and gone
You can hear the gypsies sing.

Gypsies danced around the campfire
And they shook their tambourines
They were waiting for the ghost of an outlaw
Jessie was his name
As the midnight hour grew closer
And the sky began to fall
You could see her shadow in the light of the moon
She had heard the gypsy's call.

(Repeat chorus)

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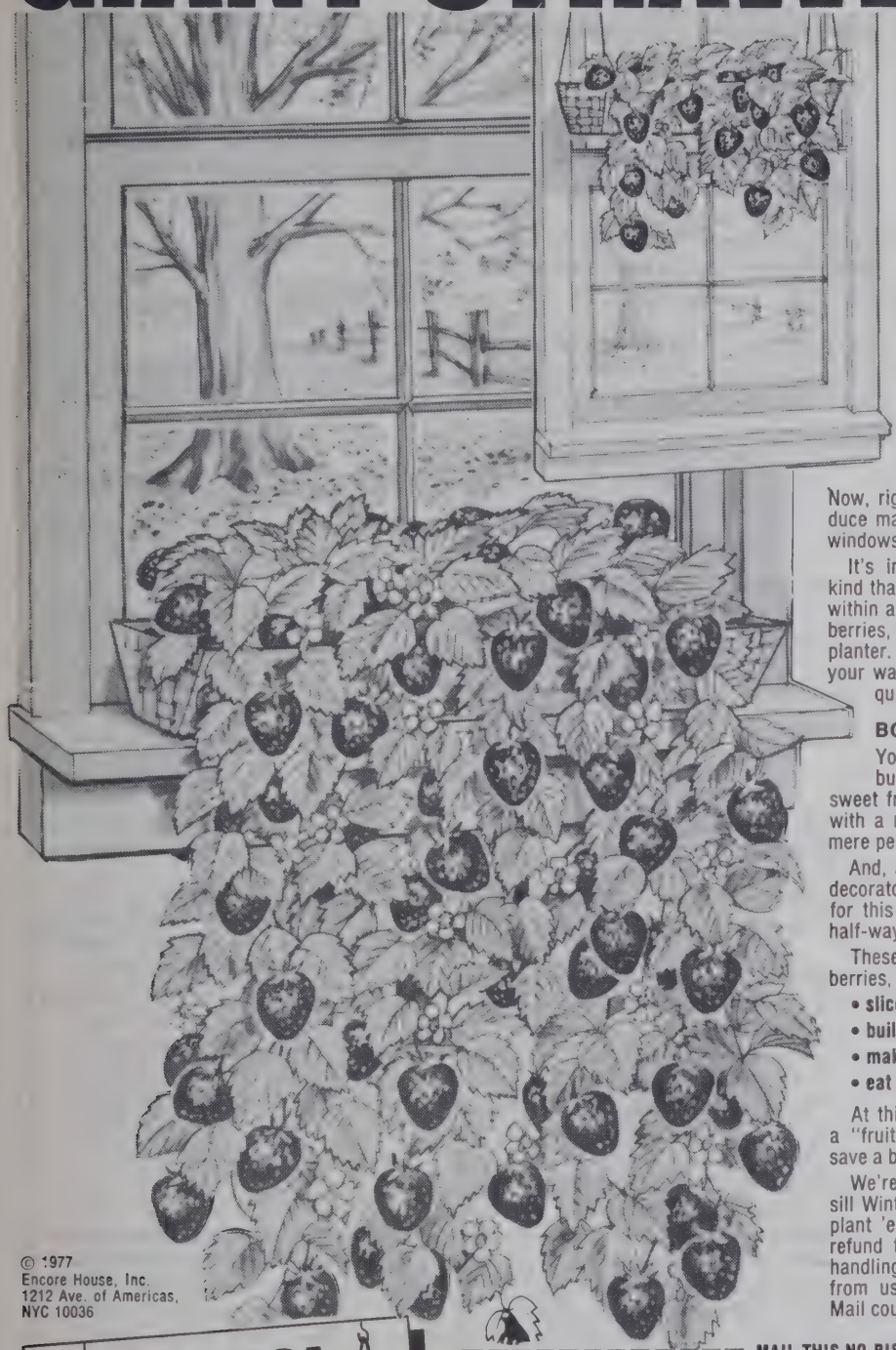
Windowsill Wonder! **FALL-WINTER-SPRING**

GIANT STRAWBERRIES

(quinalt)



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Encore House, Inc.
1212 Ave. of Americas,
NYC 10036

Just 60 Days From Now!

IN THEIR OWN *BONUS* WINDOWSILL PLANTER!

Only $2.97 Complete with 3 LIVING Strawberry Plants!

Now, right in your own home, you can have red, ripe "produce market" strawberries by the dozens as handy as your windowsill!

It's incredible! Think of big, flavorful strawberries—the kind that are served in the finest restaurants—growing madly within an arm's reach. Think of having so many sugar-sweet berries, they literally tumble over the side of their handsome planter. Think of getting up to change the tv channel and on your way back, plucking a delicious, tasty strawberry for a quick, healthful snack!

BONUS! EXCLUSIVE DECORATOR PLANTER

You get 3 Live Giant Strawberry Plants that do nothing but produce, produce, and produce big, luscious, sugar-sweet fruits by the pint, month-after-month, all year 'round with a minimum of care. Strawberries by the bucketful for mere pennies!

And, as a bonus, we'll include this handsome 2-foot-long decorator windowsill planter that's been especially created for this offer. Just rest it on any windowsill or suspend it half-way up for easy opening and closing of the window.

These gorgeous Giant Strawberries are big, sugar-sweet berries, ideal to:

- **slice them up for a luscious cereal topping in the morning**
- **build a fresh-fruit salad at lunch**
- **make delectable desserts for dinner**
- **eat in bed for a healthful late-night snack**

At this terrific low price, why not order several and have a "fruit stand" in your kitchen, living room, playroom... save a bundle on our quantity discounts!

We're so sure that you'll be astounded with your Windowsill Winter Wonder Giant Strawberries, that we invite you to plant 'em and enjoy 'em. If you're not fully satisfied, we'll refund the price of the strawberry plants (less postage & handling) and you can keep the windowsill planter as a gift from us! Hurry—start your Giant Strawberry Patch today. Mail coupon now.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

ENCORE NURSERY SALES, Dept. WSS–13
1212 Avenue of Americas, New York, NY 10036

Please rush me the Windowsill Winter Wonder Giant Strawberry Patch(es) I have checked below—each one containing 3 LIVE Strawberry Plants! I understand that I will receive a decorator's windowsill planter as a bonus for each Patch I order. If I'm not completely satisfied with my order, I can return it anytime for a refund of the price of the strawberry plants (less postage & handling, of course), and I will keep the planter as a gift!

☐ 1 Windowsill Giant Strawberry Patch and planter for **$2.97** plus 50¢ postage & handling.

☐ 2 Windowsill Giant Strawberry Patches and 2 planters for only **$4.97** plus 75¢ postage & handling

☐ 3 Windowsill Giant Strawberry Patches and 3 planters for only **$6.97** plus $1 postage & handling

Amount enclosed $_____(NY residents please add sales tax.) No C.O.D.s please.

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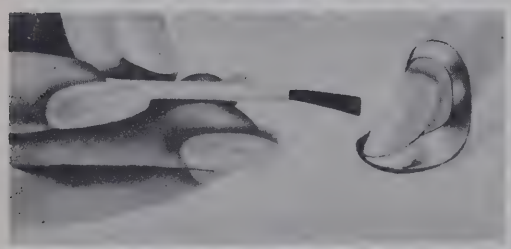
1500 MOVIE STARS ADDRESSES

Home addresses of top movie, T.V. and recording stars available. Send $1.00 ($2.00 outside U.S.) for list of names to:
A.C.S.
Post Office Box 75151-Dept. H-16
Los Angeles, California 90075

AMAZING! LONG Nail Formula Builds Glamorous

LONGER NAILS



IN MINUTES!
NOW ONLY $1.98

Have movie star hands with this amazing NAIL BUILDER!

Are Your Nails Short and Stubby? Do They Crack and Peel? Are They Ragged and Ugly? Are You a Nail Biter?

If your nails are so unsightly that you want to keep them hidden, there's an amazing fine product to help you. STA-LONG is a LONG NAIL BUILDER That Transforms Short, Broken, Split or Bitten Nails into Long, Hard and Glamorous Nails. STA-LONG is **not** a messy powder, **not** a conditioner, **not** a paste-on that may fall off, but a **nail builder** used like polish that goes on over your nails to build up, repair and lengthen your own nails in **minutes!**

Now you can have glamorous nails shaped in any way you choose—and you can make them as L-O-N-G as you wish. If you have always envied girls with long, beautiful nails, now is **your** chance!

STA-LONG looks as real as it feels—and it's so tough, it's stronger than real nails. You can carry on with your regular tasks whether it's at work or in the home—STA LONG won't split or peel and it helps protect **until your own nails grow out!** You can file it and shape it just as you would your own nails.

NO MORE! NOW YOU CAN

STA-LONG is a girl's best friend!
Here's what Fabulous new STA-LONG can do!

- Works in minutes
- Makes long, glamorous nails
- Repairs broken, jagged and peeling nails
- Discourage nail biting
- Looks as natural as your own nails
- Can be shaped, filed and polished
- Helps protect while your own nails grow out!

EASY AS A-B-C

READ WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY ABOUT STA-LONG:

"I wish to request a rush order as I am almost out of your fabulous STA-LONG nail kit. I want to stress I would really like these kits rushed to me as I have never had prettier looking hands due to your STA-LONG nail kit."
—Miss T.G., Rockford, Ill.

"Send me three kits of Nail Builder. I have used this before and find it excellent for splitting nails."
—Miss R. N. Wenatchee, Wash.

"Purchased one of your kits and nails came out just beautiful."
—Mrs. G. G., New York, N.Y.

"I have been using your product many times and it works. I even find it difficult to bite my nails when I apply. STA-LONG. Send me two more kits."
—Miss L.W., Chicago, Ill.

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10 DAY TRIAL!
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
Just Mail Coupon Today

Pay postman on delivery, $1.98 plus shipping & C.O.D. charges for a complete "STA-LONG" Nail kit. Or, send $1.98 plus 35¢ shipping charges. SAVE C.O.D. CHARGES. 2 kits $3.50, 3 kits $5.00! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

10 DAY TRIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE COUPON

CONOVER HOUSE DEPT. N461
12 Warren St., New York, N.Y. 10007

Yes! Please rush my complete "STA-LONG" NAIL KIT at once. I will pay postman on delivery $1.98 plus shipping & C.O.D. charges. I must be delighted with my new long nails or I can return the kit after a 10 day trial for a full refund.

☐ SAVE C.O.D. CHARGES
Enclose $1.98 plus 35¢ shipping charges.

☐ 2 Kits $3.50
☐ 3 Kits $5.00

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

I FEEL LOVE

(As recorded by Donna Summer)

DONNA SUMMER
GIORGIO MORODER
PETE BELLOTTE

Ooh it's so good, it's so good, it's so good
It's so good, it's so good
Ooh I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love, I'm in love
Ooh I feel love, I feel love, I feel love
I feel love, I feel love.

I feel love, I feel love
I feel love.

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IT'S ECSTASY WHEN YOU LAY DOWN NEXT TO ME

(As recorded by Barry White)

NELSON PIGFORD
EKUNDAYO PARIS

When we met it wasn't quite clear to me
What you had in store was there only for me
You took me by surprise when I turned and looked
I saw that message in your eyes.

There you were out there on the floor
The way you moved, girl only made me want you more
I did not know you had me hypnotized
To the movement of your body dancin' in my eyes.

I knew I had to hold you and make you mine
Don't want to control you
Just have a good time in ecstasy
When you lay down next to me
Oh oh oh ecstasy
When you're layin' down next to me.

I find it hard to
If I don't make my move
Girl it might be too late
I've got to make sure you don't get away
After all you done girl to make me wanna stay
All my life I've been searching for a star
Now my searching is over and here we are in ecstasy.

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of

AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

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You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

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IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

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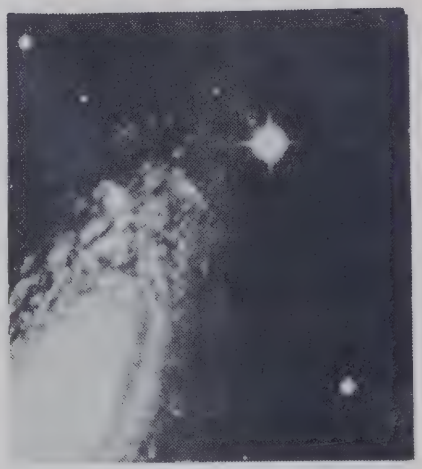
Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!



Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

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Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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DAY OF THE COMMIE

(continued from page 29)

something, we don't listen to any of them. You see, this building is a record distribution company, a quite convenient front." He crowed with the same egotistical giggle. "You see that machine back there, cutie" he went on to say, pointing to the x-ray type thing. "Vell, the records are sent to us from the record pressing plants, we "perfect" them with our subliminal indoctrinating apparatus, distribute the records to the greater Manhattan area, the kids buy them, and are subliminally indoctrinated into the fundamental teachings of the Soviet Socialist Republic!!!" I could see the little lunatic getting off on telling us his plans for world domination and Debbie used his gloating to our advantage.

"Well, your whole scheme seems quite fascinating," she cooed sexily, "but why blow your whole operation by attacking the Awards Night?"

"So you do know of our plans for this evening, I thought you did!" the Colonel barked out, changing entire mood. He stood up on the table and grew pensive. He finally stopped pacing and flew into a frenzied rage.

"Well, you can't stop me," he screamed, "nobody can!" The time has come for our presence to be known to the world. We will be physically annihilating everyone at such a decadent orgy of capitalism as the Awards Night and such a colossol media event, I might add, strike fear into the heart of every dog in this greedy society and let it be known to our oppressed comrades throughout the world that a blow for freedom has been struck at the heart of their oppressors, the United States of America!!! TODAY ROCK AND ROLL, TOMORROW COCA COLA!! VICTORY IS OURS!!! VIVA LA REVOLUTION!!!" he shouted violently, shaking his fist in the air.

"This guy belongs in the looney bin", I thought to myself, trying to suppress my laughter. Debbie glanced at her watch and whispered over to me, "It's 2:00, only seven hours left, we gotta find out their plan." I shrugged my shoulders, not knowing what to do. Debbie turned towards Blatanoff, and played with the top button of her blouse teasingly and spoke softly in her most erotic voice, "Why Colonel, you're such a dedicated man, you must be very brave to execute such an attack." The lunatic midget was putty in Debbie's hands. He laughed to himself, and squeaked in his pretentious little voice, "You don't know just how daring my plan is, my beautiful comrade."

"Oh, do tell me," Debbie shot back, with a sensual ring in her voice, giving the Colonel a warm, desiring smile. The Colonel took a deep breath, and feeling omnipotent and with as much bravado as he could show, he began to tell his warped plan of doom and destruction; "At exactly 9:05 tonight, as the mayor is finishing his opening speech, a team of twenty

Chris Stein

Debbie kissed his ear and whispered "Don'tcha want to kiss me?"

highly trained commandos and myself will land on the roof of the Statler Hilton in a helicopter. The team of twenty men will break into two squads of ten, one squad deploying down the northside emergency stairs, while the other squad takes the southside emergency stairs. Squad number one waits outside the emergency exit until squad number two secures the kitchen and elevator corridor and sends a team of five men down to the front lobby to hold off any incoming offensive.

When the five men reach the lobby, they will radio for the attack to begin. The fifteen men will then open fire on the banquet hall killing everyone attending the awards ceremony and then retreat to the roof, making our escape in the awaiting helicopter!!!"

Debbie thought for a moment and then asked, "but what about the five men in the lobby?" The Colonel let out a snicker and then, with a false sense of loss stated, "they have orders to hold their positions at all costs. They will become heroes of the revolution!" He giggled and went on to ask, "Are five men too high a price to pay for freedom?"

"I'm no leader in causes," I thought to myself, pondering the Colonel's question, "but any society that has such little value of human life can't be worth the ideals they hide behind." I felt firecrackers bursting red, white, and blue in my heart, and heard the "Star Spangled Banner" blare in my head. I thought of all those little people, unemployed Puerto Ricans, junkies, MacDonalds Managers, hack writers, and all the rest that make this country what it is. I was just about to recite the Mann Act, but my patriotic thoughts were interrupted by the Colonel. "I'm sorry I can't stay longer and chat, but I have a few last minute details to attend to," he said in a falsely apologetic tone, and motioned to one of the guards, who helped him down off the table.

He marched towards the door, and then turned towards one of the guards and said, "you know what to do with them," and then marched out followed by the three other guards. We were left alone with the one guard and I had a funny feeling that we had finally reached the end of our rope, when Debbie stepped up to the masked guard and started chatting with him fearlessly. "I bet there's one handsome mug under that stocking," she taunted seductively. The guard looked at the floor bashfully and fidgeted with his ever present machine gun. Thank God he understood English.

"Come on, take it off. I won't tell if you won't," Debbie cooed, persuasively. Debbie sure had power over men. He let the gun fall to his side, supported only by the strap, and slowly pulled off his nylon stocking, revealing a huge nose, big floppy ears, a balding head and a pockmarked face.

"My, you are handsome," Debbie said with a wink. I bit my lip to keep from laughing. The guy blushed in embarrassment and kicked at the floor, like

(continued on page 64)

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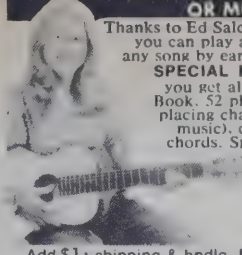

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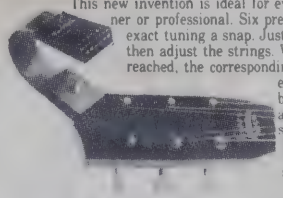

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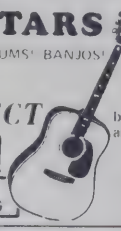

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STEVEN TYLER

(continued from page 33)

but a year and a half ago, when we were talking about this, I thought I was walking into this projection and I didn't know what it was. I thought it was a laser, and when you think of lasers, you think of being burned to a crisp. So I didn't feel like being the first one - to wind up in a Mason jar, on some museum shelf ... I really didn't want that. So I was afraid of that ... but the next album cover may be holograms...

HP: You've been getting a house together in the country and spending time there, overseeing the work. Don't you like living in cities?

Steven: Oh I do ... I love the city because I grew up in the city, but I feel like there's a noose around my neck, because you can't control a lot of it. I used to live with a lot worse stuff than this. I'm not putting it down, but for instance - I love television, you know, and you're watching tv and all of a sudden the commercials come on and there must be a law against this — but the commercials come on and they must be at least three times louder than the show ... And it's not everywhere, it's in this city ... it's crazy here. It's lunacy ... this is my feelings ... I just come down here to visit, and I stay in a hotel, and really-do you think I want to pay six bucks for a hamburger?? I'd rather send out to the Stage or the Carnegie, or walk around the corner and get some gefuilte fish at the delicatessen

HP: I never knew you were so frugal...

Steven: Frugal? I don't mind spending the money ... for a worthwhile cause.

HP: Are you planning anything different for the fall tour?

Steven: Well - I've got a piano up there, this Yamaha thing and it's half the size of a Steinway grand, it's like the size of a Harpsichord. It sounds exactly like a piano and you can control the bass, everything with your left hand, while you're playing the piano. And it's small enough that three people can carry it on and off stage. So...

HP: So this is the first time you've played anything onstage beside harmonica ... how come?

Steven: Why? Because I'm getting tired of singing 'Dream On' if you don't mind.

HP: So this will eliminate that?

Steven: Well, I might do a bit of it ... but this will be really tittin' ... by the way, Ted Nugent stole my word tit and he didn't even use it right. I read somewhere that he said 'that show was the tits', and he *stole* my expression! It ain't 'tits', it's *tit.*

HP: Well, I'll try and get this in...

Steven: Well I couldn't BELIEVE THAT...

HP: Do you like him?

Steven: Oh, I love Ted. But tell him to watch himself.

HP: Anyway, playing piano will give you something else to do onstage...

Steven: And I may play guitar on one song too ... it's fun, it will give me something to do besides spit and pick my nose.□

"Sometimes I get a bit bored with road, off, album, road, album, road, album, road..."

JOE PERRY

(continued from page 33)

HP: Nothing like 'Dream On', which you always say you hate?

Joe: It's not that I hate it. It's just that I'm tired of it.You know, you have to play it in shows ... hits, you know.

HP: Are you singing on this album, or writing more?

Joe: Well, I wrote "Bright Light Fright" and you can really hear that it's me singing ... I sing a couple of verses alone. I did it a different way in my house, but I really dig the way the band does it ... it's kind of like Dave Clark Five ... And we have Sam Bronstein playing sax on it ... All the songs this time we'll be able to do onstage ... there won't be any songs that are too high for Steven to sing...

HP: What happened onstage in Baltimore?

Joe: Oh, that was the last night we were playing last time ... That was cabaret time ... You know Ron Pownall, I had just finished telling him how we have computers to tell us which circuits are working, and how advanced our sound is, and then I get onstage and my amps went out six times. I was so embarrassed ... it had nothing to do with us - the monitors were taking too much power or something, but I didn't know it at the time, and the whole wall was out. The first time I sort of stood there, the second time I was throwing things ... amplifiers, into the audience, and the third time I took my guitar off and walked around the stage. The band kept playing, I was drinking.

Then - the last time ... I took the dangerous weapon that I wear onstage and stabbed the amps, put a great big gouge in it. Then, I was getting ready to do my solo at the end of the night, and I took my favorite Stratocaster and a string broke. The final blow. So I picked up another one, and I said to the audience, "Instead of my usual solo ... this is a 1957 Stratocaster, it's been in my family for generations, and this is how we do guitar solos in my family", and I threw it up in the air as high as I could and walked offstage.

HP: What were you thinking when you did this?

Joe: I was thinking that the band was gonna go crazy. The thing is we build up to a "crash" at the end of the solo and we all come in; well - the band did that when the guitar hit the floor. I just walked offstage and they just finished without me.

HP: Was it fun?

Joe: Yeah, I had a great time... The sound on the tape is terrible, except for the laugh track.

HP: Are you bored ever, when you're playing?

Joe: Bored? Never when I'm playing. How could I, when I have nights like Baltimore?□

said, pointing to the

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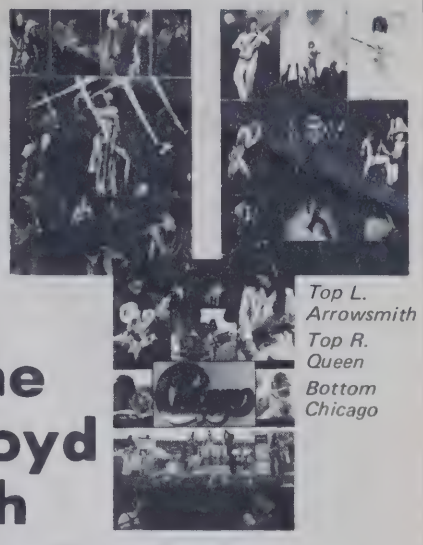

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DAY OF THE COMMIE

(continued from page 61)

an altar boy on his first date. Debbie moved closer to him.

"I betcha you'd love to kiss me, wouldn't you, come on, it's alright. I'd love to kiss you."

The guy looked up. "You would?" he said in a deep, goony drawl.

"I sure would." Debbie responded by putting her arms around him and pulling him close to her. "Never mind the commie, now I'm getting hot," I thought as I enviously stared at the stupid moron in Debbie's arms. Debbie kissed his ear and whispered "Don't cha want to kiss me?" The goon nodded his head with a puppy dog look in his eyes. He closed his eyes and slowly put his long awkward arms around her. Debbie pulled him tight and embraced in a long, passionate kiss, and just as the lucky sap was getting into it, Debbie unsheathed the dagger at his side and plunged it deep into his back. "Hurray," I thought "One for our side." The blonde haired beauty pushed him and spit on the floor in disgust. The guard stumbled back against the table wide-eyed, frothing little bubbles of blood out of his gaping mouth. He tried to speak, but only managed a repulsive gurgling noise, and grabbed at the air, trying to steady his trembling body. His eyes turned up into his head, leaving only the white part exposed like some zombie, and then collapsed to the floor, dead.

Debbie kicked the body just to make sure there was no response, and then glanced at her watch. "Come on, it's almost 4:00, we've only five hours left. We've gotta hurry!" she cried out, as she grabbed the dead guard's weapon, jumped to the door and peeked out, and then slid down the dark hallway with me right behind her. Just then a group of guards rounded the corner, and Debbie opened up with a round from the machine gun, sending them sprawling on the floor. She jumped over the dead bodies without even glancing around the corner and down the stairs. I paused over one of the bodies, and grabbed a machine gun for myself. How could a chick that beautiful and that delicate looking be such a storm trooper at the same time," I thought to myself as I rushed to join her. Just before I got to the bottom of three flights of stairs, I heard a burst of gunfire.

"Shit!" I yelled, thinking the worst. I charged around the corner, hoping I wasn't too late, and found Debbie standing over two more dead guards. "Christ," I said, with a sigh of relief, "You'd take Emma Peel anyday!" She shook her hair out of her eyes and said with a confident smile, "naturally," as if there would be no contest. Whatta broad! I was just about to ask her where she learned to handle a piece like that, when two guards dashed down the stairs behind me.

"Hit the floor!" Debbie screamed, and I did, not a moment too soon, for she opened up with a full burst as soon as I felt the cold floor against my cheek. I heard two weapons clank to the floor, followed by the thud of two bodies. I looked over my shoulder at two bloodied carcasses, and shook my head, and thought again, "whatta broad!" I rose from the floor dusting myself off and started to thank Debbie for saving my life, but she cut me off, "save the chit chat for later, we gotta job to do." She turned on her heels and marched out the door into the sunlight. I followed her out, and we found ourselves behind a large warehouse and by the smell of things, somewhere in the outer limits of Brooklyn.

We ran out on to a street lined with two family houses in back of the warehouse and Debbie ran up the street checking the row of cars parked in front of the houses to see if any melon head left the keys in their car. I spotted a car rolling down the street and jumped in front of it, scaring the daylights out of an Italian Brooklyn housewife. She slammed on the brakes and stared at me in disbelief and I motioned with the machine gun for her to abandon the car. She gave me the finger in response and stepped on the gas. Maybe I wasn't threatening enough. I had no alternative but to turn and run.

The lunatic housewife chased me about halfway down the street and just as she was about to run me over, Debbie jumped out in front of her and fired her machine gun into the air. The car screeched to a halt and the lady bolted out the door and ran down the street screaming. Debbie laughed and I felt pretty impotent. Debbie noticed my feeling of helplessness and suggested I drive. We hopped in and I raced the engine. "Purrs like a kitten," Debbie said with a sarcastic grin and I threw the car in gear and laid rubber.

After two hours of driving around in circles I finally found the Brooklyn - Queens Expressway and headed west into Manhattan. About two miles from the Williamsburg Bridge, we hit a bumper to bumper traffic jam. "Oh no," Debbie groaned, we've only got two hours left, can't you do anything?" I looked over at her, shrugging my shoulder in frustration when out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a motorcycle behind us, in the rearview mirror. I stopped the car, and pointed my machine gun at the guy on the bike. "Off!" I ordered. The guy looked at me in shock and slowly knocked down the kickstand. Debbie jumped out of the car. "Maybe you're good for something after all", she said laughingly. I told the guy to get in our car and don't look back. He did, and I jumped on the bike, pushing back the kick stand with my foot. Debbie hopped on and we sailed down the shoulder of the highway, passing the frustrated commuters in a blur. We crossed the bridge into Manhattan about 15 minutes later. It felt great to have Debbie hanging on the back, she had on this great perfume, and even though we were tooling around in the open she was still driving me wild. I looked at her in the side mirror with her beautiful hair flowing freely and she winked at me.

I suddenly lost my feeling of impotence, in fact, it became painful to be

situ... the tight pants t... think of anything to ... off what I spend most of m... ng about. I tried singing but that ... work. I tried counting backwards from one hundred, but kept losing count everytime we hit a bump and Debbie held me tighter. We hit rush hour traffic just as the sun began sinking and Debbie whispered "It's 8:30, we gotta make it!" I resorted to driving on sidewalks, but after almost killing half a dozen pedestrians, decided to stick with the street. We finally reached Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, right underneath the Empire State Building, ditched the bike, and decided to run the rest of the way to Seventh Avenue and 32nd Street. We must have made a strange sight, a couple of panting maniacs jogging through the streets, toting sub machine guns. I disregarded the stares from the shocked people we passed and just hoped a cop didn't stop to question us. Finally we reached the Hilton, and burst into the lobby, totally out of breath. I looked up at the big clock over the clerks desk and it read 9:00. "Only five minutes left" I shouted at Debbie, who was holding her side with one hand as she furiously banged on the elevator button with the other hand.

A crowd of startled tourists soon encircled us, and behind them, I could see a group of security guards pushing their way up front. Just then, the elevator dinged open and we jumped in, warning the crowd not to follow. As we raced up to the twenty fifth floor, I suddenly turned to Debbie and groaned "what are we going to do, we don't even have a plan?" I was panicking.

Debbie slapped me hard, and shouted "get a grip on yourself, we'll think of something!" She toyed with the safety latch on her gun nervously and I felt butterflies in my stomach. The door dinged open and we dashed out into the lobby to find a bandaged Chris Stein, brandishing a pistol at a huddled group of security guards who he was trying unsuccessfully to convince that their lives were in danger. They looked at him as if he were nuts and tried to get him to give up his gun. The security guys jumped back when they saw us, and Chris turned around and Debbie ran and embraced him. I kept the guards covered while the two lovebirds got a chance to reacquaint themselves with one another. Just then the whirling sound of the helicopter filled the air and we all looked up at the ceiling.

"You hear that?" Debbie screamed at the security guards, "in about a minute, that helicopter is gonna land on the roof and twenty men with machine guns are gonna come charging down both fire stairs and kill everyone in that room." She pointed to the huge banquet hall down the corridor and waited for their response. Finally, after the hum of the chopper grew louder and they looked at each other, one of the guards stepped forward. "Okay, whattya want us to do?"

"You got any guns?" Debbie asked hurriedly.

"Yeah, locked in the closet behind that

desk," h said, pointing to the reception area.

"Well, quick, get 'em, and half you guys go up one side, and the other half take the other stairs, where ever they are!" Chris barked. Two of the guards ran and unlocked the closet, while the other two directed us to the fire stairs.

"You take the north side with two of the security guards, I'll take the southside, with the other two and Chris," Debbie commanded, like a true soldier. The two guards dashed back from the closet and frantically distributed the shot guns and shells as we all joined together for a last minute huddle. "They won't be expecting any opposition so if we act fast, we can beat 'em," Debbie said in a low stern voice, with fire burning in her eyes, and then shouted "Okay, let's go! I ran to the fire stairs followed by my two newfound friends and didn't even look back to wish Debbie luck, there wasn't time. I reached the door to the roof in about two seconds flat and peeked out the door just as the chopper descended on to the roof. I paused and looked at the two guards who were beginning to sweat profusely as they realized this wasn't any game.

I looked at their name tags, pinned to their shirts, and said, "well, Jim and Dave, I guess this is it." The sudden familiarity seemed to build their confidence a little and the one closest to me, Jim smiled and said, "we're right behind you." Dave gulped hard and nodded in agreement. I looked back on the roof, and saw Debbie peek out of the other doorway and motion me with her hand, just as the chopper door sprung open and the commies jumped out. Debbie opened up first with her machine gun quickly cutting down three of the first thugs to jump out. I opened up with mine, and screamed "geronimo" as I dashed out onto the roof and took cover behind some air conditioner thing.

My team covered me with shot gun blasts, and then followed me. By now, the enemy realized they were under attack and took up a defensive. They hopped out the other side of the chopper and took up positions behind some conduit thing, as a nine mm high powered, anti - aircraft machine gun, the type used in Viet Nam to strafe snipers in the jungle, opened up on us from a glass bubble on top of the air craft. It sprayed back and forth across the roof, to Debbie's group and mine, holding us down pretty effectively. Jim tried to get off a shot at the deadly bubble as it fired on Debbie's group, but a commie by the conduit picked him off with a single shot through the forehead. I cursed and opened up at the murderer and saw my shots slam into two running commies with such force they fell right off the roof. I just hoped they didn't fall on any unsuspecting pedestrian.

Dave popped off a couple of shots and then finally got himself a commie with a full shotgun blast cutting him in two at the midsection as he tried to slip on the side of us. I couldn't tell, but either his bottom half, or his top half also sailed off the roof and down 25 floors. I looked

Chris Stein

It felt great to have Debbie hanging on the back. She had on this great perfume, and even though we were tooling around in the open, she was driving me wild.

over to see how our allies were doing, and saw Chris pick off three of the guys with his pistol as they tried to make a mad charge from underneath the belly of the chopper. Just then, as Debbie sprayed the back of the aircraft, chopping down a commie who had been hiding there, the aircraft exploded and burst into flames. I heard screams of pain as the men inside the burning craft tried to escape, but the only one to make it out was the little tyrant Colonel Blatanoff, and he was on fire. Before he had a chance to make it a few steps, Debbie stepped out from her hiding place behind another air conditioner thing and opened up with her machine gun hitting him with such force that it sent the midget's shredded body flying back into the raging inferno.

The firing stopped and slowly we all moved out from our cover to inspect the kill. Final count came to nine commies dead on the roof and eleven plus Colonel Blatanoff killed inside the chopper. Tons of police sirens filled the air as I threw down my gun and followed Debbie and Chris down the stairs and back into the lobby. We looked at each other silently, and all breathed a sigh of relief. There were no words needed to convey our thoughts, we were all just glad the whole damn thing was over. Debbie and Chris embraced and then, arm in arm walked slowly in to the awards ceremony. I followed, hoping to snag a drink, but was stopped at the door by a tall snooty looking guy in a tuxedo. "Your invitation please?" he asked, indignantly. His question drifted through me, as I stared in at the hundreds of beautiful people partying away. They hadn't even noticed the commotion above them.

My eyes drifted across a big long table in the front of the room where Debbie and Chris took seats next to Handsome Dick Manitoba and his girlfriend Jody. Sitting beside them, looking as bored as ever as he munched on a hamburger was Lou Reed, with his constant companion Rachel. Next to Rachel, looking a little confused, was Mrs. Beame and right in the middle of the table sat Mayor Beame himself. Next to him on the right sat Patti Smith and her boyfriend, Allen Lanier, and at the very end of the table sat Joey Ramone with, (I couldn't believe it, and my heart shattered as I finally realized that it couldn't be anyone else) a very sexy Tina Louise, perched right in his lap, with her arms wrapped tightly around the Ramones lead singer, as she whispered sweet nothings into his ear.

"If you don't have an invitation give me your name, and I'll check the guest list," the monkey suited lackey asked again, more indignant than ever. I smiled at him. "Milton Drysdale," I said in my most pleasant voice, and then turned on my heels and marched into an awaiting elevator. It had been a long day. I was gonna find some stinky little bar and get good and drunk.□

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